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NOV. 14, 1956
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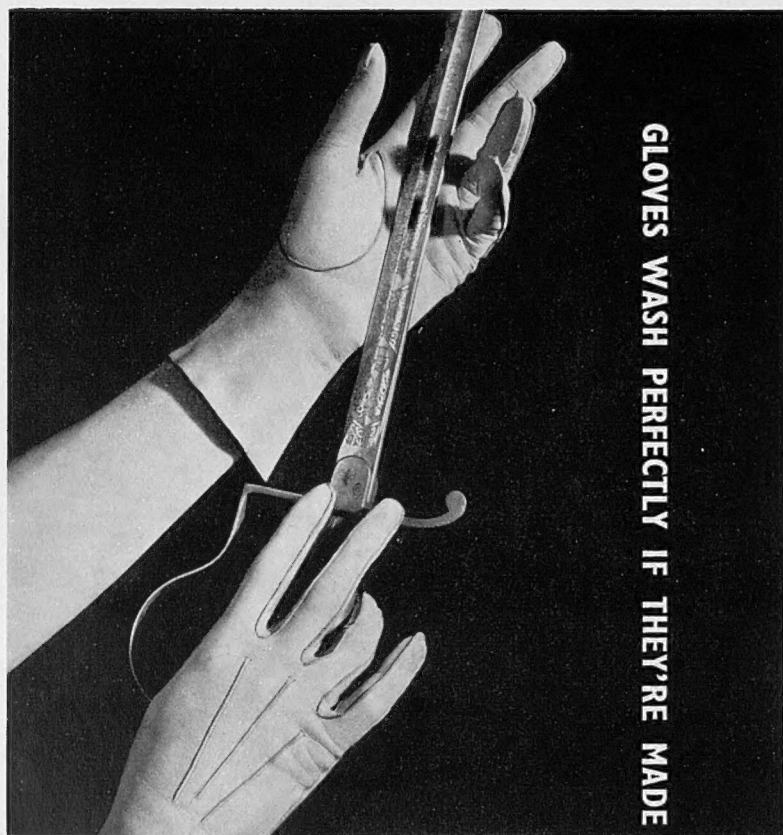
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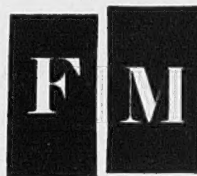
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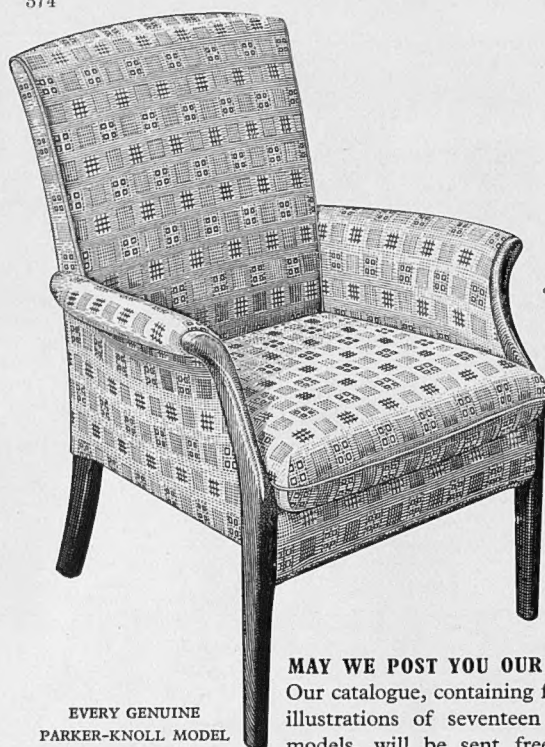
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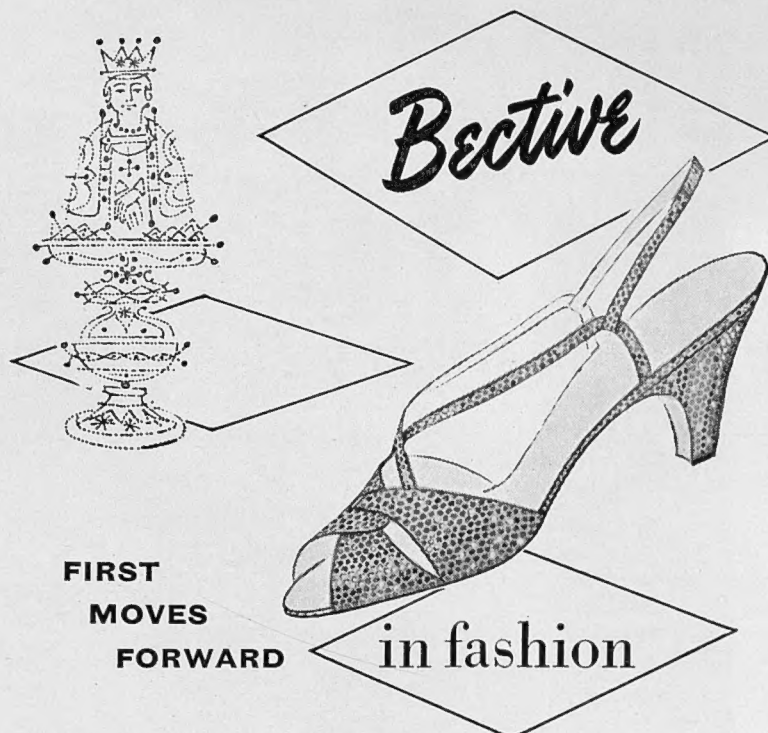
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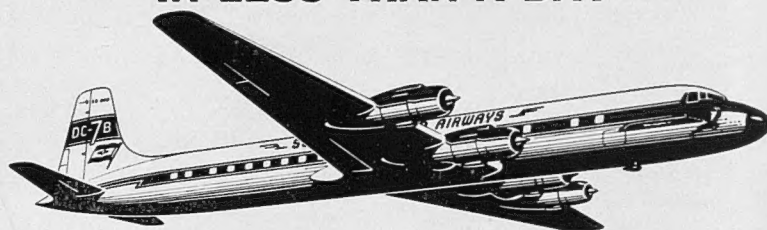
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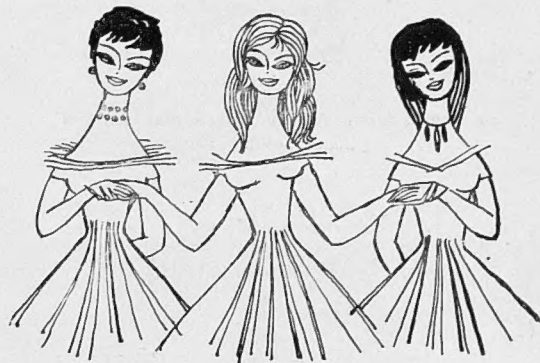
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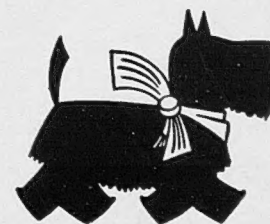
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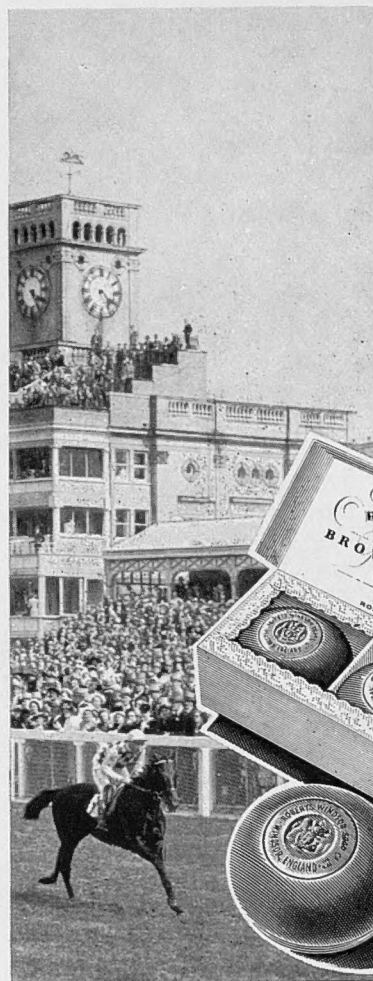


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LADY ROSEMARY
MACKAY
NOV. 14, 1956
TWO JIN. NEW

Yevonde

LADY ROSEMARY MACKAY is the daughter of the second Earl of Inchcape and of Mrs. Francis P. Tompkins, of Northfield, Vermont, U.S.A., and Hanover Terrace, London; she is the half-sister of the present Earl. Lady Rosemary announced her engagement in June this year to Sub-Lt. Francis Martin French, R.N., son of the late Mr. Francis French and of Mrs. Henry Morland, of Punchbowl Green, Slindon, Sussex. The wedding is to take place next year

DIARY OF THE WEEK

From November 14 to November 21

Nov. 14 (Wed.) Royal Ulster Agricultural Society Dairy Show (to 16th), Balmoral, Belfast.
Association Football: England v. Wales, Wembley, Middlesex.

Lord's Taverners Autumn Fair, 11.15 a.m. at the Moot Hall, Colchester.

First night: *Double Image* at the Savoy Theatre.
Dances: Mrs. Geoffrey Scott for her daughter, Miss Rosamond Scott, in London; The International Ball at the Dorchester Hotel.
Racing at Cheltenham.

Nov. 15 (Thurs.) The Queen will hold an installation service of the Order of the Bath, in Westminster Abbey.

First night: *Fanny* at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane.

Dinner: The Society of Yorkshiremen in London at the Dorchester Hotel.

Dances: Dragon Class Dinner Dance at the Hyde Park Hotel; The Lansdowne Autumn Ball at the Lansdowne Club.

Racing at Manchester and steeplechasing at Cheltenham.

Nov. 16 (Fri.) Queen Louise of Sweden will open the Swedish Christmas Fair at The Swedish Hall, 6 Harcourt Street, W.1, at 11 a.m.

Dances: Bicester and Warden Hill Hunt Autumn Dance at Edgeote; Annual Ball in aid of the "Save Lichfield Cathedral Appeal Fund," County Buildings, Stafford.

Racing at Manchester and Lingfield Park.

Nov. 17 (Sat.) Rugby Football: Rugby League 1st Test Match, Great Britain v. Australia, Wigan, Lancashire.

Racing at Manchester (Manchester November Handicap) and Lingfield Park, and steeplechasing at Manchester, Warwick and Wetherby.

Nov. 18 (Sun.)

Nov. 19 (Mon.) Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother will visit the Highland Home Industries Exhibition and Sale at the Tea Centre, Lower Regent Street, and will attend the St. Cecilia's Day Royal Concert at the Royal Festival Hall.

Royal Society of Portrait Painters Exhibition (to December 23), Royal Institute Galleries, Piccadilly.

Steeplechasing at Plumpton and Birmingham.

Nov. 20 (Tues.) Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother will be present at an evening performance of *The Silver Curb* in the Vanbrugh Theatre, Royal Academy of Dramatic Art.

The Red Cross Ball at the Dorchester Hotel.
Steeplechasing at Birmingham.

Nov. 21 (Wed.) Princess Marie-Louise will open the Y.M.C.A. Fair at Londonderry House.

Association Football: Scotland v. Yugoslavia, Hampden Park, Glasgow.

Dances: Katherine Low Settlement Ball at the Hyde Park Hotel; The Florence Nightingale Hospital Ball at the Park Lane Hotel.

Steeplechasing at Newbury.



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THE HON. MRS. GEORGE FITZROY SEYMOUR is seen with her children, Miranda who was born in 1948, and Thomas who is four years younger. She was formerly the Hon. Rosemary Scott-Ellis, a daughter of the 8th Lord Howard de Walden and the

sister of the present baron. Her husband is Lord of the Manor of Thrumpton in Nottinghamshire, and served during the war with the King's Royal Rifle Corps. Mrs. FitzRoy Seymour is interested in racing and has had a two-year-old training in Newmarket this year

MASTER OF THE HORSE

THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT comes from one of the oldest and noblest families in England. Master of the Horse to the Queen, he is also a great patron of all facets of horsemanship, from the hunting field to the show ring. The portrait of the Duke in his Garter robes is by the late Sir Oswald Birley, R.P. The photograph was taken by Barry Swaebe



Social Journal

Jennifer

THE HEYTHROP'S OPENING MEET

I WENT down to stay the weekend in Oxfordshire for the opening meet of the Heythrop Hunt. This took place in a large field in front of Major and Mrs. Dermot Daly's home, Little Compton Manor, on the borders of the Heythrop and Warwickshire country, when there was a field of about two hundred out. The Hunt servants of the Heythrop still wear the green coats which are a relic of the days about 1770, when the fifth Duke of Beaufort began to bring his hounds, his hunt servants and entire entourage up from Badminton first to Cornbury and then to Heythrop and hunted this country in winter.

The sixth Duke who succeeded in 1803 carried on hunting from both Badminton and Heythrop until a few months before his death in 1835. Then several local landowners including Lord Redesdale (who later in 1842 became Master for twelve seasons) got together a pack, used the kennels at Heythrop and started the Heythrop hounds. Incidentally, the green coats of the hunt servants were originally made in plush and were only changed about 1923 when the late Duke of Beau-

fort had one of the coats weighed at the end of a very wet day's hunting and found it scaled four stones! Since then both the Duke of Beaufort's Hunt servants' coats and those of the Heythrop Hunt have been made in cloth.

No one looked nicer at the opening meet than Mrs. Duncan Mackinnon, one of the three joint-Masters of this hunt, who was a Brassey and direct descendant of Mr. Albert Brassey who took over the Mastership of these hounds in 1873. His long mastership from 1873 to 1918, when he died, has often been described as the Golden Age of the Heythrop Hunt. His kindness and generosity were unbounding.

MRS. MACKINNON was riding side saddle on a good-looking grey and wearing her green hunt coat with a black skirt and top hat. Mr. Ronnie Wallace, another of the joint-Masters, was also wearing the green coat, as he always hunts these hounds. Since he came to this country he has consistently shown the same good sport as he did with the Cotswold. He is undoubtedly the most brilliant huntsman carrying a horn today. The third joint-Master, Lt.-Col. Raymond Barrow, was riding, also his wife and Mrs. Wallace, who looked very neat and

attractive. Mr. Duncan Mackinnon was shooting in another part of the country but their son John was out and I saw him arriving at the meet with his mother. Among the field mounted I saw Lord Ashton of Hyde, a former Master of these hounds, and his son the Hon. Thomas Ashton, Major and Mrs. Dermot Daly who had been dispensing hospitality at the meet, the Hon. Mrs. James Baird extremely well turned out and looking a picture riding side-saddle on a grey, Col. John Chamberlayne the very active Hunt Secretary who was busy taking the "cap," Mrs. Chamberlayne, Mr. Stuart Don riding a nice-looking chestnut, Lady Mary Rose Williams looking very businesslike on a well-mannered chestnut, Mr. Thomas Egerton riding along to one of the coverts with Mr. Jack Dunfee, the Hon. Mrs. Schuster, Lady Horsburgh-Porter and Mrs. Ted Lyon, whose husband was on foot. Also Mr. Cyril Kleinwort and his charming wife who had come over from Sezincote, Mr. Keith Cameron, Col. Humphrey Lloyd, whose wife was another on foot, Mr. and Mrs. Tony Binnie from Lipsgate, Mr. Basil Harvey, Miss Judy Hutchinson, Major Angus Hood, Major Bill Scott, who had a fall, happily without injury, and Mr. Eric Goudie, who was not so fortunate. When hounds were running well he had jumped two fences and was galloping downhill when his horse slipped and he had what looked like a very nasty fall. It was not as bad as it had first appeared, but unfortunately resulted in a broken collarbone, which is a maddening thing to get at the beginning of the season.

LT.-COL. TAFFY WALWYN was out, and rode across to talk to Major Geoff Phipps Hornby whom a'l were delighted to see again. He has been on his back in plaster for more than a year as the result of a riding fall, and although he is still on crutches, was able to enjoy the meet and to see many friends. Mrs. Phipps Hornby was there, and their daughter Sally was mounted. She hopes to hunt with this pack most Saturdays during the season. I met Mrs. George Todd, whose pretty daughter Carolyn, now Mrs. Brooks, looked very nice on a bay horse. Others out on foot included the Marchioness of Blandford, whose brother Mr. Simon Hornby was riding, Sir George and Lady Schuster, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Thinn, Mrs. Eric Goudie, Mrs. Millais and Mrs. Stewart Don. The Dons are an exceptionally charming couple from the United States who have been living in Lady Jane Nelson's house at Churchill for the past two years and have now, much to everyone's delight, taken a long lease on a house at Ramsden. Charles Parker, the famous terrier man, was out; his earth-stopping achievements are a legend and undoubtedly add to the excellent sport with these hounds.

The opening day was a Master's dream! After drawing a nearby field of kale blank, hounds moved off to draw Mrs. Gill's covert Cowleaze at Chastleton, where a fox was quickly found and away, running fast to Salford towards Chipping Norton, on through Heythrop nearly to Little Tew, and back to Banbury Plantation where he was killed—a seven and a half-mile point. In the afternoon they drew some kale, found a fox and ran around Lord Robert Crichton-Stuart's garden Cornwell Manor to Adlestrop Hill, and killed him not far from Daylesford House, which Viscount Rothermere has recently redecorated so well.

Light was now failing and Mr. Wallace decided it was time to take hounds home. They made a wonderful picture in the dim autumn evening with the autumn tints around, as they quietly set off for kennels with the hunt servants, and less than half a dozen stalwart followers who had remained out to the very end.

While on the subject of hunting, I hear that the Warwickshire Hunt Ball will be held at Coughton Court, Alcester, on December 14. This should be an outstanding evening as Coughton Court, the home of Sir Robert Throckmorton, who has kindly lent it for the event, is a very beautiful home and will make a lovely setting for the ball. Tickets, which are likely to be sold out early, may be obtained from Mrs. M. A. Dunne, 154a Loxley Road, Stratford-on-Avon.

★ ★ ★

MISS SALLY RUSSELL, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Denis Russell, made a very pretty bride when she married Mr. William Weatherall, younger son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Nigel Weatherall, at St. James's, Spanish Place, where Father Gordon Albion officiated. Large vases of exquisite mixed white flowers, with a splash of crimson in the centre, were arranged on each side of the church, and the same colour scheme was carried out in the bridesmaids' dresses, which were of white organza, long, full-skirted, with crimson velvet sashes, and head-dresses of crimson velvet leaves. The page, Patrick Russell, wore a white satin suit. There was one child bridesmaid, Clare Faller, and six older girls—Miss Caroline Speer, the Hon. Janet Hamilton, Miss Belinda Gold, Miss Diana Child, Miss Sally Cunningham, and Miss Adele Wynne-Williams.

The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a beautiful crinoline of white peau-de-soie with a long tulle veil held in place by a head-dress of white flowers.

Her mother, who looked charming in a dark red silk dress under a velvet coat of the same colour, and a black feathered hat, stood with Mr. Russell receiving the guests at the reception at the Hyde Park

[Continued overleaf]



Fennell

The Hon. Christopher de Vere Loder, eldest son of the Governor of Northern Ireland, Lord Wakehurst, married Miss Inge Hess, stepdaughter of Federal Germany's Ambassador in Australia, at Hillsborough Parish Church, Co. Down. Above: The bride and bridegroom leave the church after the ceremony



Mr. David Gibbs, the best man, Lady Wakehurst, Miss A. Posadowsky-Wehner, the bridesmaid, and Lord Wakehurst

Lady Antonia Wardell, Mr. Timothy Wardell, and Baroness and Baron Michael Raben-Levetzau





A DANCE FOR SKIERS

THE coming winter sports season was heralded with enthusiasm at the Ski Club of Great Britain dance, held at the Club's headquarters in Eaton Square. Above: Miss Karen Hosp in company with Mr. Michael Cooke

Mr. Peter Williams and Miss Jenny Frazer

Miss Pamela Hoare was with Mr. Ian Bashall



Miss Zoe Scott in conversation with Mr. Jerry Freedman

Miss Christabel Carlisle dancing with Mr. Richard Nevill

Hotel. With them were the bridegroom's parents, Mrs. Weatherall wearing a dark blue silk dress and a little hat to match. Both families have a host of friends and many of these had come to wish the young couple every happiness.

Among relatives I met the bride's brothers, Mr. Tony Russell and thirteen-year-old David Russell who, like the bridegroom's brother, Capt. Tony Weatherall, were very efficient ushers in the church. The bride's grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. George Henderson, were there greeting many friends, as was the bridegroom's grandmother, Mrs. W. P. Drabble, in wine red velvet. Although she is eighty-six years old, Mrs. Drabble was as gay and active as anyone at the wedding. The bridegroom's uncles, Mr. Cecil Drabble and Mr. Gerald Drabble, were there, the latter with his wife, his aunt Mrs. Bence-Trower and his sister Mrs. John Bell-Irving and her husband, who had come down from their home in Scotland. I saw the bride's aunts Miss Pamela Henderson and Lady Mathew, the latter with her brilliant husband Sir Theobald Mathew, who proposed the health of the bride and bridegroom after they had cut the wedding cake.

OTHERS there were the bridegroom's step-uncles, Col. Marcus Stedall and Col. Oliver Stedall, Lady Viola Dundas, and Lord and Lady Pender, with their two sons, talking to Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Pinckney, who had their son Jeremy with them. Another group of friends chatting together were Sir Nigel and Lady Mordaunt, the latter very pretty in black with a little red velvet cap, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Douglas, and Lord Graves, who was in tremendous form and insisted on being introduced to the bevy of very pretty bridesmaids! Nearby Mrs. Barnard-Hankey was talking to Sir Adrian Jarvis and Mr. and Mrs. Tommy Adams, whose elder daughter Joanna was there with her fiancé Mr. Peter Stoddart. From Yorkshire I saw Mrs. Eustace Smith and her daughter Patricia, Mrs. Dale Trotter, Mrs. Whitwell and that great character Miss Fawcett; many friends, who like myself were stationed near Richmond, Yorkshire, during the war, will remember her unbounded kindness.

Guests also included Mr. and Mrs. Edward Barford, the Hon. Desmond Chichester, Mr. Neil Hotchkin and his very pretty wife, Mr. and Mrs. Everard Gates, Mr. Lionel Stopford Sackville and Mr. and Mrs. David Drummond with their two daughters, while among neighbours of the bride's family in Surrey I saw Sir John and Lady Child (whose younger daughter Diana was a bridesmaid), Mrs. Walter Stern, the Hon. Mrs. Glover, Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Marr, Brig. and Mrs. Ronnie Johnston and their son Euan and Mrs. Tony Tate who came with Mrs. Gordon Dixon.

As the bride and bridegroom ran down the stairs and through the hall, leaving for their honeymoon in the South of France, they were pelted with rose petals.

★ ★ ★

THE Royal Society of St. George is an admirable institution, whose membership is restricted to Englishmen and Englishwomen whosoever born. Among their aims are the fostering of love for England, the furtherance of English interests everywhere and the combating, in our own way and with every means at our disposal, of all subversive activities calculated to undermine the strength of our country and Commonwealth.

The annual dinner of the Society is always a well-run and interesting affair. This year the guest of honour was the American Ambassador, who was accompanied by Mrs. Aldrich. The Duke of Devonshire, President of the Society, received the guests with Brig. Sir Ralph Rayner, chairman of the Council, and Lady Rayner, who looked charming in deep pink satin.

The menu was typically English. It was a charming gesture that the wines for the banquet had been given by South Africa, the fruit squashes and cigarettes by Southern Rhodesia, the Jamaican rum by the West India Committee and the coffee by the Kenya Coffee Company. There were only two speeches, the first by Mr. Winthrop Aldrich who, speaking very gravely for ten minutes, said among other things that the fact that Great Britain and America had for the first time cast opposing votes in the Security Council was "a really tragic fact." (This had happened the previous evening over the Middle East situation.)

The Duke of Devonshire as President responded. Speaking without a note, but with great force and a sincerity which one felt came from the heart, he made one of the most brilliant speeches heard anywhere for a very long time. Among other points, he touched on the fact that a ripple had spread across the calm ocean of Anglo-American accord, but, as he said, one of the perquisites of good friendship was that the best of friends must fall out now and again. He went on to say that we in England still act as we think right, and welcomed the resumption of our ancient privilege of leadership. He was interrupted several times by cheering and applause, and when he finally sat down, with the silver statue of St. George on the table in front of him, he was cheered to the echo. It is good to know that we still have young men of this calibre to carry on the tradition of our country.

There were 500 guests, who enjoyed the dinner and these two interesting speeches. Among those at the top table were the Lord



The Queen waves from the Irish State Coach as she drives to open Parliament

THE QUEEN ADDRESSES HER LORDS AND COMMONS

*The Opening of Parliament
is described by Jennifer*

I THINK the hearts of everyone present were full of warm feeling for our beloved Queen, as she walked through the Royal Gallery of the Palace of Westminster to the Chamber of the Lords to make her speech from the Throne, and declare open a new session of Parliament. Wearing a gold and pearl embroidered cream satin dress, with her long white ermine and crimson velvet train, the Imperial State Crown and a pearl and diamond necklace, Her Majesty made a regal figure, rather wistfully alone, and very solemn, no doubt owing to the gravity of world events, to which she referred in her speech.

This Opening of Parliament ceremony, with all its regalia, is one of the most stirring occasions, whether you watch it in the Chamber of the House of Lords as I have had the privilege to do, or in the Royal Gallery as I did this year. There are the Peers in their scarlet robes, the Queen's bodyguard of the Yeomen of the Guard, the Honourable Corps of Gentlemen at Arms, the Judges in their wigs and gowns, the Heralds in their richly embroidered tabards, members of Her Majesty's Household in ceremonial dress, and her great officers of State. Just preceding Her Majesty were the Rt. Hon. "Rab" Butler, the Lord Privy Seal, the Marquess of Salisbury, the Lord President of the Council, Viscount Kilmer the Lord High Chancellor, and the Hon. Sir George Bellew, Garter King of Arms.

THE Earl of Selkirk was carrying the Sword of State and the Marquess of Reading the Cap of Maintenance. Walking backwards in front of the Queen were her Earl Marshal, the Duke of Norfolk, whose ermine-trimmed scarlet robes must have been passed down through several generations, and Her Majesty's Lord Great Chamberlain the Marquess of Cholmondeley. The Queen's pages were Mr. Duncan Davidson, son of Lady Rachel Davidson, who was a page at the Queen's coronation, and the Earl of Shelburne, and walking just behind them came the Mistress of the Robes, the Dowager Duchess of Devonshire, Princess Margaret, wearing a white satin evening dress which showed off her sun tan to advantage, and a diamond tiara, came next. When she arrived in the Chamber of the Lords she took up her place beside the other Royal ladies who had gone through earlier. They were the Princess Royal, looking charming in a crystal embroidered pink dress and diamond tiara, and the Duchess of Gloucester, walking on each side of the Duke of Gloucester, and the Duchess of Kent very chic in a cleverly ruched grey chiffon dress with chiffon scarves attached, a diamond tiara and other lovely jewels, who walked with the Duchess of Beaufort.

AMONG the Peers, resplendent in their scarlet robes, I saw the Earl of Halifax, Earl St. Aldwyn, the Earl of Morley, Lord Balfour of Inchrye, Viscount Waverley and Lord Pender. The peeresses I noticed, all wearing fine tiaras with their evening dresses, were Countess St. Aldwyn, the Countess of Cathcart wearing her hair up inside her all-round tiara, Lady Balfour of Inchrye, Viscountess Kilmer in a very gay dress, Lady Hawke, Viscountess Waverley, and Lady Tweedsmuir, very good looking in grey, accompanied by her husband.

Watching the procession from the Royal Gallery I saw the Marchioness of Cholmondeley with her son and daughter-in-law the Earl and Countess of Rocksavage, Mrs. Gerard Leigh, whose husband Col. W. H. Gerard Leigh is Silver Stick in Waiting and was in the Royal Procession, Viscount and Viscountess Erleigh, the Earl of Cottenham and his very pretty second daughter Lady Davina Pepys, Lady Rachel Davidson and Lady Adair. Also the Hon. Mrs. Edward Ward, Viscount Ednam, the Hon. Mrs. Neil Cooper-Key looking lovely in a flame-coloured hat and black suit, Mrs. Tufton Beamish, like Mrs. Cooper-Key very pretty and the wife of an M.P., Mrs. Jessica de Pass very attractive in a lovely mink coat, the Hon. Mrs. Robin Cayzer, Mrs. Bertie Bridges-Webb, the Marquis and Marquise de Miramon, and Mrs. Lionel Cecil.

Chancellor and Viscountess Kilmer, the High Commissioners for New Zealand, Rhodesia and Nyasaland, and Pakistan, Sir Thomas Clifton-Webb, Sir Gilbert Rennie and Mr. Muhammad Ikramullah, the C.I.G.S. Gen. Sir Gerald Templer and Lady Templer, the Marshal of the Diplomatic Corps, Maj.-Gen. Sir Guy Salisbury-Jones and Lady Salisbury-Jones, and the Permanent Under-Secretary of State Sir Ivone Kirkpatrick, with Lady Kirkpatrick. The latter was a member of the dinner committee, which is to be congratulated on the arrangements.

Sir Irving Gane and his attractive wife, who was in peacock blue with long pink gloves, had a party at their table including the Agent-General for Ontario and Mrs. Armstrong, Sir Adrian Jarvis, and Admiral Sir Arthur Power and Lady Power. General Sir Roy Bucher, who is chairman of the Society in Yorkshire, and his very attractive wife, who wore a lovely dress of black lace over grey satin, also had a big party at a nearby table. With them were Sir Robert and Lady Ropner, Mr. and Mrs. Neville Blond, and Sir Edward and Lady Wilshaw. Sir Gerard Clauson, a pillar of the Colonial Office for many years, was present with Lady Clauson, who was wearing a fine heirloom diamond necklace. I saw the President of the Royal Academy, Professor Sir Albert Richardson and Lady Richardson at a table with Mr. and Mrs. Nubar Gulbenkian and Brig. Wieler, Governor of the Tower of London, and his wife.

Others present included Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Coop, his cousin Mrs. Brewis, Sir Harry (Pasha) and Lady Sinderson, Mr. and Mrs. Claud Grahame-White, Capt. A. B. Dale, and Lt.-Col. "Buns" Cartwright.

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FROM here I went on to the Dorchester Hotel, where I found the Hallow-e'en Ball in full swing. This always gay and successful event is arranged annually to raise money for the National Children Adoption Association. H.R.H. Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, who is President and chairman of the Association, was once again present with a big party including her son-in-law and daughter, Col. Sir Henry and Lady May Abel-Smith, and their daughters Anne and Elizabeth; also the Earl of Clarendon, Lord Thurlow, Countess Victoria Castell, Miss Charmian Schroder and her brother Bruno.

Lady Huggins was chairman of this year's ball committee, and accompanied by Sir John Huggins had a party at their table including their daughters Cherry and Ruth, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Berington, Mr. Billy Abel-Smith and Mr. Brinsley Black, who all supported the tombola with success. The young witches, who came in at midnight selling balloons with lucky numbers inside, had been organized by Mrs. Stephen Robinson. They included the Hon. Christine Campbell-Gray, Miss Wendy Raphael, Miss Suzanne Holeman, Miss Gilleen Fleetwood-Wilson, and Miss Belinda Ross-Lowe. An excellent cabaret was put on—one of the best I have ever seen—by kind permission of Mr. Val Parnell and Mr. Bernard Delfont, and I was interested to learn that the artists gave their performances free for this good cause. Bob Monkhouse came first, followed by that superb juggler Rudy Horn, and finally Gene Detroy and his four wonderful performing monkeys known as Marquis and Company.

Two of the younger organizers, Miss Elizabeth Heald and Miss Delia Pearson



Miss Dorothy Roper and Mrs. Richard Whalley were in the audience



A DRESS SHOW IN SURREY

AN "Autumn Collection" by London couturiers was shown at Sutton Place, Guildford, home of the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, for the Distressed Gentlefolks' Aid Association. Above: Michael's dress "Daybreak"



Mrs. Telfer-Smollett exchanging notes with Lady (Danvers) Osborn



Mrs. Alan Woodward and Lady Sutton found the display fascinating



Lady Brabourne with Lady Heald, chief originator of this good show

Van Hallan



Miss Mary Bell and Mr. Geoffrey Larkins at the hoop-la stall



The Earl and Countess of Westmorland at another sideshow

YOUNGER SET CELEBRATE

A GAY event of the early winter season was the Fiesta Ball, when a large gathering, mainly of the younger set, aided the funds of the Institute for the Study and Treatment of Delinquency



Mr. John Robertson and Miss Jennifer-Ann Gourdou were discussing their pre-Christmas engagements

Swache



Miss Penny Knowles, one of last year's debutantes, with Mr. Philip Harari



Miss Polly Eccles and Mr. Christopher Philipson were others at the May Fair Hotel



Mr. Keith Hughes and Miss Frances Sweeny, another leading 1955 debutante



Mr. Brian McGrath and Miss Jane Gallagher having a rest from dancing



RAIN NEED NEVER STOP OUR PLAY

• SYDNEY CARTER •



CHARLES II, who was not a man to mortify the flesh, thought surprisingly well of English weather. England was the only place, he said, where you could be out of doors the whole year round in reasonable comfort. Before dismissing this as a bad joke of a merry monarch, perhaps we should think again. The trouble with English weather is not that it rains, but that we don't know what to do about it. True, we invented the macintosh; but then we ran out of ideas. Bergen, in Norway, could provide us with a few.

Bergen is a rainy city. Most Norwegians, it is said, are born on skis, but in Bergen they are born with an umbrella. It is the unofficial emblem of the town; they sell brooches with umbrellas on as souvenirs. Bergeners live surrounded on three sides by water, with frequent donations of more water from above, but they do not moan about it. They embrace the element they live in; they sport in it like dolphins. The girls glitter like aquatic butterflies in their gaily coloured macs; the men look heroic in their gumboots and sou'westers. When the sun shines, which it often does, they sit and drink on the boulevard like true Continentals. If it rains, up goes the awning or a big, bright umbrella which flowers from the centre of the table.

The unenterprising English, on the other hand, hardly dare to eat or drink in the open air at all. In case of rain. Don't tell me that the pavements are not wide enough. In Kensington High Street, in the Euston Road, to say nothing of Upper Street, Islington, or Whitechapel, there are places where restaurants could quite easily expand on to the pavement without inconvenience to passers-by.

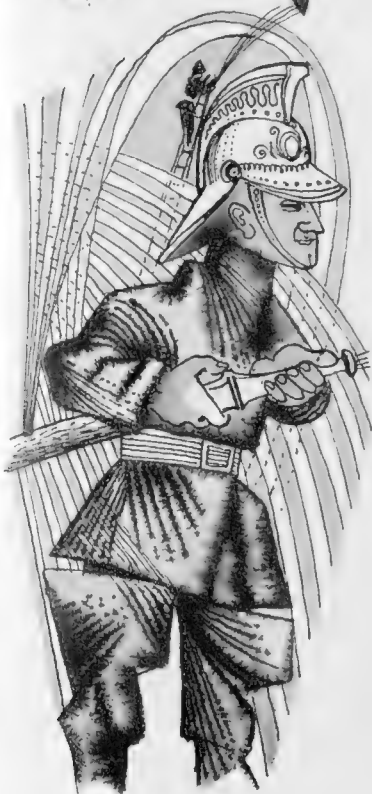
BEST of all, the British Museum has a portico where a thousand boulevardiers could sit and drink their absinthe or espresso coffee. If the B.M. is in need of cash, and it always says it is, let them put the problem in the hands of Mr. Forte. Two ugly great Easter Island statues, one at either end, would give the site that gay, contemporary air.

The British Museum could get rich, with half a dozen Gaggias. Then we could see the mummies every day, instead of every other day. The Library could even catch up with its catalogue, and rheumatic scholars would not have to crawl four hundred yards to get a cup of coffee.

Another thing I like about Bergen is the fountains. If there is too much water, what better use could it be put to? There is a statue of Ole Bull, the "Nordic Paganini," playing on his violin; from beneath his feet there gushes a cascade over a female figure playing on a harp. King's Cross is crying out for a monument to Bernard Shaw, gushing eloquence into a basin. Does the Council realize that more cart-horses pass King's Cross than any other spot in London? Give them a place to drink.

Apart from the fountains in Trafalgar Square, and one in





Piccadilly Circus, where can you throw three coins in the City of Westminster? Chelsea folk are better placed. They have the Crouching Venus of Sloane Square.

Finally, there is the question of arcades. They keep off rain as well as sun. Regent Street used to have them till it was "improved." Tunbridge Wells still has in the Pantiles. They give a city style, as well as comfort. Why not more?

But we did invent the macintosh. Following this train of thought, I went to a fashion show of brighter rainwear, put on by the Rubber Proofer's Association in Park Lane. My first impression, as I went up the winding stairway flanked by models from the past, was that rainwear had got drabber, in cut, if not in colour, since Macintosh had his good idea in 1823. There was a caped affair (period—Sherlock Holmes) which I should like to see stalking the streets again, but my heart leapt up when I saw what women were about to wear. Dashing models by mannequins in heels so high that I thought they'd topple from the rostrum, there passed a series of rubberized creations which put the butterflies of Bergen in the shade. Even when I examined them more closely, without the mannequins inside, they still looked pretty good.

THERE were some bold, striped effects in rayon which I liked especially; and there was a putty-coloured riding-coat with plain, brassy buttons like round knobs which had a brave, cavalier effect as it went swishing by. Some had spidery and flowered patterns which the manufacturers think will be popular with British women. I fear they may be too popular. The special beauty of the macintosh is its strict and simple line. It makes a woman look statuesque and classical. Why fuss it up? Give me the silhouette, and you can keep the flowers.

Besides Charles Macintosh, there was Thomas Burberry. The Burberry saga begins at Brookham Green in Surrey. Burberry was fascinated by the linen smocks of the local peasantry, which had a remarkable power of keeping out the rain. He decided it was due to closeness of weave and voluminous fashioning, and found that you could get the same effect in cotton, and so the Burberry was born. Unlike the rubber mac, which keeps the moisture in as well as out and so gets "muggy" if you don't leave holes, the Burberry can "breathe."

Its advantages are obvious; the only disadvantage is that it will not keep out a monsoon indefinitely, which a mac can do. From Basingstoke, where Burberry had set up shop in 1856, coats of "gabardine," as he called his wonder cloth, were soon being sent to sporting men all the world over. The *Court Journal* became lyrical—"A veritable suit of mail, defying rain, thorn, bramble, fish-hook and rheumatism." As it could even keep out buckshot, it helped to win the Boer War. Burberry (in Haymarket by now) designed the field uniform for the entire British Army in 1902.

MACINTOSH and Burberry added new words to the language (and not the English language only), but they do not remain alone in their war against the elements. British brains, notably in Manchester, have continued to be busy thinking of new ways to keep out rain. "Ventile," one of the products of their thought; cunningly outwits the weather by having fibres which expand when they get wet. "Wyncol D.711," billed as "the cloth that conquered Mount Everest," is proof, not only against rain, but against a gale of 100 miles an hour. Aquascutum are making raincoats out of this. And now, of course, there are plastics (not so British these)—notably P.V.C. (Polyvinylchloride). Admiralty "oilskins" are now made out of this.

There is not much hope of getting British men to brighten up their rainwear, or even to change the shape. There is a movement on foot to introduce the shorter "Continental" raincoat; very daring. Scottish fishermen, of all people, rocked the raincoat world to its foundations recently by demanding jackets of a different colour. They were tired of yellow P.V.C. They wanted blue. Firemen, fishermen and flushers have some splendidly swashbuckling waterwear, and now come the television riggers.

If ever they find their way into the world of fashion, women will get hold of them before the men. They steal our smartest clothes before we know we had them. We had better concentrate upon the comfort, the awnings, the arcades and the coffee bar at the British Museum. The women will provide the colour, if the rubber proofers have their way.

So, let it rain.





"Where have YOU been at this hour of the morning?"

Roundabout

• Cyril Ray

TOOTHACHE crept up on me as I whiled away a weekend at Wells. And I had almost written "by happy coincidence," were it not that I am inhibited from regarding anything even remotely connected with toothache as happy.

But coincidence was at work, for Wells Cathedral abounds in medieval carved capitals commemorating, in lapidary lamentations, the curse of mankind—here a head with its mouth open, and its tongue resting upon its only tooth; here a prophet with his hand to his swollen cheek; and the famous head in the transept, with its anguished face, and a finger tearing at the side of the mouth renowned, if not in song and story, at any rate on a multitude of picture-postcards in all the local souvenir shops.

All this in honour of the fact that the tomb of one of the see's thirteenth-century bishops, good William Bytton, or Button, became noteworthy for its miracles, notably in curing the toothache—for the bishop was famous in his lifetime for his complete and perfect set of teeth, which were seen to be so when his tomb was opened only a century ago, "absolutely perfect in number, shape and order, and without a trace of decay, and hardly any discoloration," after seventy years or so of life, and half a thousand years of death.

So sufferers touch the tomb to this day and so did I, and now I cannot be sure whether it was touching the tomb that cured my infected and swollen gums so quickly, or the antibiotic pills for which a local doctor kindly scribbled me a

prescription—whether it was modern medicine or a medieval miracle.

IT is an idiosyncratically old-fashioned corner of the West Country, this, and I found myself, after a brisk sweep over the Mendips from Wells, having now and again a local farm-worker touch his forelock to me, and now and again pulling in to the hedge to let a couple of horsemen, in pink or in ratcatcher, clip-clop by me as they hacked home from hunting—I found myself in a village that claims to be below sea-level ("our lady-ancestors were mermaids," one villager told me, in a Somerset accent thick as clotted cream, eating a pickled hard-boiled egg out of the jar of spiced vinegar behind the counter, and pouring the rum I had stood him into a pint of cider brewed within sound

of the village bells), listening to an eager debate as to the best way of cooking badger, newly in season.

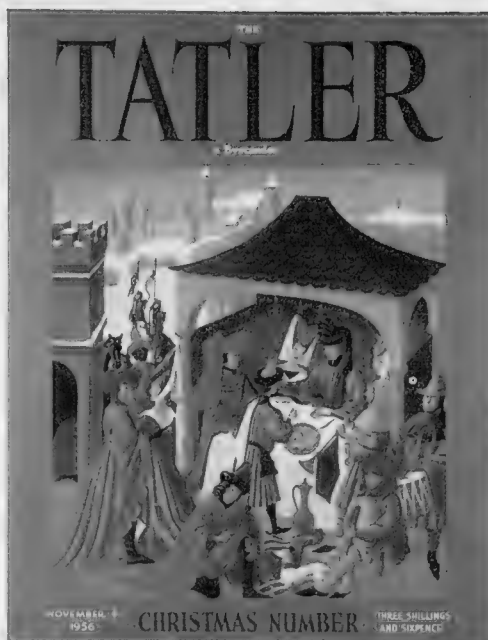
Boiled with caper sauce, said the landlady, to the disapproval of her husband, who was all for hanging brock for a fortnight, and then jugging him like a hare. Nay, nay, said rum-and-cider, who was eating his pickled eggs only, I discovered, to fill in time until the faggots were ready that he knew must be cooking in the inn kitchen, because a pig had just been killed. The landlord teased him by saying that the smell that he thought was of cooking faggots was only a bonfire of fallen leaves. But rum-and-cider stuck to his point about how to cook a badger. Roast 'un, he said, like suckling pig, and baste un wi' cider: a sweet and a tasty dish. And he rolled his eye and smacked his lips, and hit a nearby silent drinker such a blow on the back, in his transports at the mere thought of roast badger, that his victim nearly fell into his own pint of cider laced with rum.

AN odd place, as I said, and wild travel agents on their bended knees won't drag the name of the pub out of me until I've tried a meal there myself (I had come across it only by chance, between a luncheon and a dinner engagement on my last day in Somerset), to see if the cooking tastes as good as it sounds, and if the landlord is the man of principle I took him to be when he told me that he'd never had processed cheese in his house until he laid some down to see if it would keep the mice away from the farmhouse Cheddar he was maturing in his cheese-room.

As might have been expected, the mice took no notice of the processed, and kept on making commando raids on the Cheddar: "Knows what's what, does Mister Mouse," the landlord said.

★ ★ ★

TO travel back to London by road from the West of England was to glow with pleasure at the prospect of that beastly bottleneck at Notting Hill Gate being done away with at last. Notices on the pair of stations that face each other across the customary traffic-jam announce



●THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER of The TATLER is now on sale and, with Philip Gough's delicately roisterous festive cover, is enlivening the bookstalls. Gaye than ever before, it has contributions by, among others, James Laver, D. B. Wyndham Lewis and George Mikes, a Christmas Alphabet and a noble dissertation on punch making and drinking. Illustrated with photographs, drawings and enchanting colour pictures, it makes ideal Christmas reading. It costs 3s. 6d. Copies may be ordered from The TATLER, Ingram House, 195-198 Strand, W.C.2, postage inland 6d. (abroad 3½d.)

that London Transport is to join the Metropolitan and Central stations in lawful wedlock, and none too soon; small shops announce "Road Widening Sales"; and we are promised a traffic roundabout that will have to touch tangentially on at least four separate geographical entities: Bayswater, Notting Hill, Campden Hill and Kensington.

I HAVE heard it said no fewer than four public-houses are to disappear in the holocaust, though I have a feeling that public-houses seldom actually do so: peculiar devices are resorted to by which their licences live on until they can materialize again in bricks and mortar, chromium plate, beer-engines and a rail to rest your foot upon.

All I hope is that these particular places of resort don't space themselves evenly

around the Notting Hill Circus that is to be, blinding the circulating motorist with neon all ablaze from taproom to topmost turret.

Let them be well mannered, but also get-at-able.

SOME of the distinguished diplomats who live in Kensington Palace Gardens, only a couple of streets away from what promises to be tremendous goings-on in the way of pneumatic drills, heavy rollers, and spitting on hands, must have marvelled during their sojourn here at the marked difference between the little London villages whose boundaries meet here, as those of Albania, Yugoslavia and Greece all meet in the Grammos mountains, and between their ways of life.

And I hope some of them have seen—before they go for ever—the little row of cottages in Bulmer Place, just behind Notting Hill Gate, in whose village-like gardens this autumn the Michaelmas daisies and the dahlias have been putting up such a show.

★ ★ ★

BEYOND the other side of the street is quite another kind of country corner: Campden Hill Square, the most steeply sloped of all London squares, with every house a manor compared with the cottages of Bulmer Place; very large, handsome, late Georgian manors at that, and with a strong corporate spirit.

At Christmas time, not only are there holly wreaths on every door-knocker but "by annual connivance of the residents," as Rachel Ferguson once wrote, "every window is outlined with twinkling wax candles."

The custom began before the war, and I was a guest at the square's first post-black-out Christmas candle feast. I should be happy to see it again this Christmas, but I hope to be staying with English friends in Germany, where a couple of Christmases ago I saw a more pathetic version of the same pretty custom.

All over western Berlin the mothers put a candle in the window on Christmas Eve for each son still a prisoner-of-war in Russia.

BRIGGS by Graham





Capt. Sir Weldon and Lady Dalrymple-Champneys watch guests arrive



Mrs. Lyle, Mr. R. D. Lyle and Mr. Quintin Hoare

HONOURING ST. GEORGE

YEOMEN of the Guard and Pikemen of the Honourable Artillery Company formed the guard at the entrance to the Savoy Hotel for the Royal Society of St. George's annual dinner. The President of the Society, the Duke of Devonshire, is seen above in conversation with Lady Wilkinson



Sir Adrian Jarvis with Lady Gane, wife of Sir Irving Gane

General Sir Gerald Templer and Sir Ivone Kirkpatrick

The guests of honour, Mrs. Aldrich and His Excellency Mr. Winthrop W. Aldrich, with Mr. Hugh Smyth



Brigadier Sir Ralph and Lady Rayner pass the guard of honour

Van Hallan



Swaebe



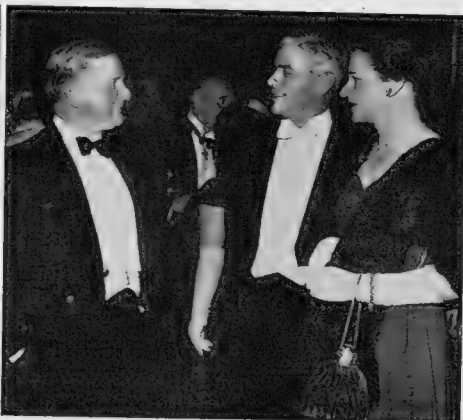
Mr. James Relph, Miss Annabella Drummond and Miss Isobel Mitchell

YACHTING ANNIVERSARY

THE ROYAL CORINTHIAN Y.C. held their 84th anniversary ball at the Savoy Hotel. Above: Mr. F. R. H. Swann, Vice-Commodore, Mrs. Swann, Mr. Pat Dyas, the Commodore, and Mrs. Dyas



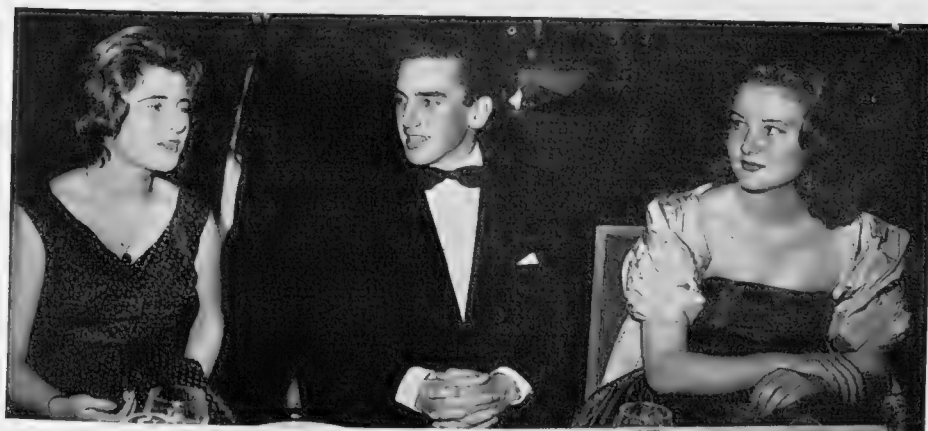
Dr. W. Bucher, Mrs. Blofeld and Air/Cdre. B. L. Blofeld



Mr. Christopher Boardman, Col. Boardman and Mrs. R. K. Melville



Above, Mr. F. R. Parsons and Mrs. Parsons. Below, Mr. D. Caudle, Miss Joan Race, Mr. David Millar and Miss Jennifer Cooke



Mlle. Christine Bernard, the Count of Caria and Miss Isobel Mitchell were among the younger guests

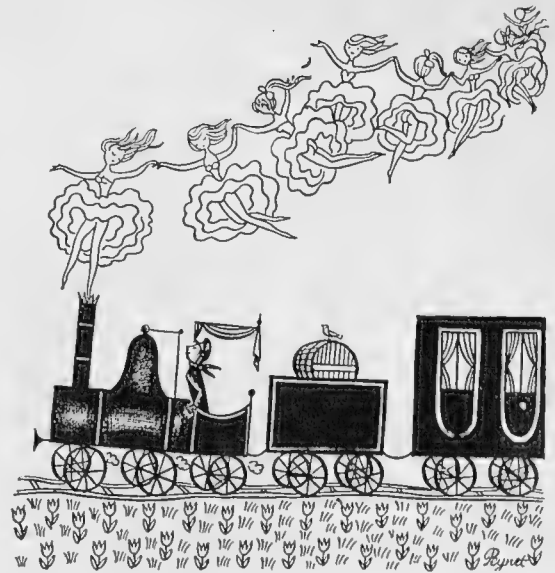




Tony Armstrong-Jones

POISED ON THE THRESHOLD

MATTIA SBRAGIA is the four-year-old son of Giancarlo Sbragia, the noted Italian actor, and of Donna Esmeralda Ruspoli. Donna Esmeralda is the daughter of Prince Charles Maurice Ruspoli, and comes of a great Papal family



"PIPE DREAM," from the delightful drawings in "The Lover's Bedside Book," by Raymond Peynet (Perpetua, 10s. 6d.), who views the fancies of lovers in a surrealistic way

Priscilla in Paris

SORTIE TO NANTES

"SUCH nonsense!" (or French to that effect) grumbled Josephine. She was peeling onions in the kitchen, having decided to give me a *mirotin* for lunch, which is very much the same thing as an Irish stew "except," as she would also say, "that it is made of beef instead of mutton!" I inquired about the nonsense.

"Country people say," she answered, "that when onions have three thick outer skins it means that winter will be icily cold but . . . just look at that!" I looked at the pile of peeling, and noted her gesture to the open window, the blue sky, the warm splash of sunshine on the red-brick floor, and certainly winter seemed as far off as the possibility of her golden wedding is to a young bride. In effect: such nonsense!

Indeed it was so gorgeous a morning that I decided to fetch Elegant Elizabeth (my small car once known as "Lazy Lizzie") from the goods-yard at Nantes where she has been parked since I left the Island in September.

The S.N.C.F. (*Société Nationale des Chemin de Fer Français*) delivered a receipt for her in all due, but unimpressive, form. The usual snippet of flimsy paper. A mere *billet de consigne* for parcels. In the blank space that follows "description of parcel" (*colis*) the attendant added, in pencil, "*I voiture*" but he did not specify that the conveyance was a car.

BEING an optimist I dropped a kiss upon the steering-wheel and an old waterproof over the bonnet and left her standing between a baby-buggy and a market waggon containing a certain amount of left-overs. When I returned to fetch her the buggy had gone but the waggon was still there; the left-overs smelled unto the skies!

It was Saturday morning, the train that took me down to Nantes was full of *permissionnaires*. The six very young soldiers in my carriage had come from Germany and had been travelling all night; they hoped to get to their homes, at various villages of southern Brittany, before evening, since they were leaving again, next day, for Northern Africa. A short leave but no doubt the authorities believe in curtailing sad moments. Their job in Germany had been the training of dogs and I have the impression

LADY RATHDONNELL is the only woman member of the Society of Aviation Artists and is also a member of the Society of Marine Artists; she paints under her maiden name, Pamela Weeks, and specializes in aeroplanes and steamships. Lord and Lady Rathdonnell have five children



that they were far more heartbroken at leaving their dogs than their families. They all showed me photographs of the dogs. Beautiful animals. They did not seem to have photographs of the families!

I am not sure whether the French version of *The Sleeping Prince* is quite the Parisian theatregoer's glass of syrup. After *French Without Tears*, of happy memory, we hardly expected a fairy story, but as a vehicle for Mme. Jeanne Aubert's return to the stage in the rôle of the Grand Duchess, we are grateful to Mr. Terence Rattigan for writing it, to Mme. Constance Colline for translating it, and to M. Benoit Léon Deutsch for producing it at the Théâtre de la Madeleine. English and American audiences will remember Jeanne Aubert when she played in London and New York. She speaks English well and appeared at the Saville Theatre in *Command Performance* and at the Palace in *Anything Goes*. Paris adores her for her singing and dancing in Rip's *Revue*s and her acting in *Domino* and *Fallen Angels*.

The première of *The Sleeping Prince* was played a little too slowly and heavily by a brilliant cast, but when the regal yet jovial presence of Grand Duchess Jeanne Aubert was with us, the right tempo prevailed. The clever acting, the serio-comic deafness of the *grande dame*, the amusing lilt of her Viennese accent and, on her last exit, a certain note of emotion delighted the audience, which recalled her again and again. Our most captious critics who, recently, have had so many reasons to exercise their causticity were dithyrambic in their praise.

WHAT can one say about Jean Anouilh's new play *Pauvre Bitos* at the Théâtre Montparnasse-Baty? It is, I imagine, what one calls a political satire. A wonderful occasion for the extremes of opinion to meet . . . during the *entr'actes*. Discussions were loud and violent between the knowledgeable while the non-politically-minded, who wondered what it was all about, camouflaged their ignorance by making what may be described as "noises off"! Not that it matters to M. Anouilh how his plays are received by the cognoscenti. A year ago *Ornifle* was damned from curtain rise to curtain fall . . . but it has been played to full houses ever since.

It is curious that a dramatist of such immense talent—I am thinking of *L'Alouette*, *Le Rendez-Vous De Senlis*, *Roméo Et Jeanette*, to cite but three—should be so bitter. He has known so many great successes, some of which, perhaps, have been less deserved than others. He has started at zero, knowing real poverty and is now a multimillionaire (in francs at all events). Life apparently has been kind to him. But hatred oozes from *Bitos*; one feels it dripping down between the footlights. . . .

Grand Tour de Babel

① Professor Mondor's definition of the radio: an institution that enables people who have nothing to say to talk, night and day, to masses of people who have no time to listen.





At the Theatre

BRECHT MAKES A POINT

"THE GOOD WOMAN OF SETZUAN" (Royal Court). Peggy Ashcroft is seen as Shen Te, the prostitute with the heart of gold, half of her quick-change act. With an ineffable sweetness she confronts, above, the Gods of Robert Stephens, Esmé Percy and John Moffatt. Below, "Shui Ta" with Yang Sun (Peter Wyngarde), her better half, and Mr. Shu Fu (George Devine), an amorous barber. Drawings by Emmwood



THERE is no appeasing English Brechtians. Most of us who saw the Berliner Ensemble on their recent visit to London delightedly recognized that the claims made for Brecht as a producer were not exaggerated, or not exaggerated much. The smooth precision of the playing showed impressively what could be accomplished by an original mind given unlimited time to rehearse a picked and dedicated company. But this sort of response merely angers the fanatical Brechtians. They insist that their hero is not only a brilliant producer, but also a great dramatic poet.

One more seemingly fanatical than the rest has wondered piously if in him Shakespeare may have been reborn. The latest of the five major plays to be brought here in support of this astounding claim is *The Good Woman Of Setzuan*. After enduring its plodding obviousness in Mr. George Devine's Brechtian production at the Royal Court Theatre with Dame Peggy Ashcroft doubling the parts of heroine and villain, we find the claim more astounding than ever.

Put rather on the defensive, Brechtians explain our boredom to us in several ways. They say that Brecht was writing for ignorant proletarian audiences who required every tiny nail to be hit on the head at least six times before it went home. This may have been so, but the repetitiveness for us is not the less painful. Brecht's own mind is ponderously German in its seriousness, and I think it is possible that, as author, he liked to dwell on obvious points which he could, as producer, elaborate in ways that interested him. If he is not there to do the elaborating his play is bound to suffer.

APOLOGISTS further say that Dame Peggy, though acceptably tough as the male villain, is too genteel as the poor prostitute who is the only naturally good person these Chinese deities come across in a tour of the world. But I do not think that if her performance had been a little more redolent of the stews of Setzuan that we should have been much less bored with the play as it stands.

What is the thesis that the fable is meant to illustrate? Does it cut so deep into human perplexities as the apologists maintain? The good woman, set up in a shop by the Gods, is very soon brought to the verge of ruin by the importunities of the poor. It is their poverty that makes the poor grasping. Good sense might counsel her to be as generous as her means will allow, but that would be to beg the fundamental human dilemma, and anyway leaves us without a play.

Since she cannot go on being good both to herself and to others, she must become two persons—Shen Te, the poor prostitute whose goodness the Gods love, and Shui Ta, an invented male cousin who protects her shop from parasites. Falling in love with a shiftless air mail pilot as Shen Te, it is the cunning Shui Ta who raises the money he needs, which shows the good woman that you cannot help one man without trampling on the faces of others. When Shen Te has been deserted by her lover and is going to have a child, she is determined that the child shall not have to eat from the street garbage can, as she has seen a neighbour's do.

So Shui Ta goes into vicious action and accumulates wealth for the good woman on sweated labour. When the imposture is unmasked the Gods are much disconcerted. Something is wrong somewhere. Is it not possible to be both good and rich? What it is that is wrong escapes them, and they thankfully shake off the dust of this bothersome world and return to their Chinese heaven.

The short epilogue in which Brecht rubs in the Marxist moral that human nature must be changed by changing the unworkable world that man has made for himself is omitted from this version, but it is perhaps no great loss. The parable is already at least half an hour too long. All the songs and nearly all the portentous asides could be cut out with advantage. The evening has few compensations.

Among them must be counted Dame Peggy's amusing caricature of the black-hearted capitalist, a touching little scene in which the good woman proposes to the man contemplating suicide, the scene of the Gods departing indifferent to the difficult position in which they leave their favourite mortal, Mr. George Devine's drily effective sketch of the amorous barber and Mr. Esmé Percy's astutely face-saving deity.

—Anthony Cookman



MLLE. M. RENAUD COMES TO LONDON

MLLE. MADELEINE RENAUD, who with her husband M. Jean-Louis Barrault has built up in Paris one of the most famous theatrical companies in Europe, was due to open on November 12 in a four-week season at the Palace Theatre. This distinguished company, presented by Peter Daubeny, includes such noted players as Pierre Bertine, Jean Dessailly and Simon Valere. Five different programmes will be given and will include Moliere's famous play "Le Misanthrope"

*Photograph by
R. Forster*



Desmond O'Neill

THE OLD BERKELEY HUNT HOLDS ITS OPENING MEET

THE start of another hunting season in the Chilterns was heralded with the arrival of the Old Berkeley at Chenies, the picturesque village between Rickmansworth and Chorleywood. There was a field of more than a hundred, including many Pony Club members, and a considerable crowd of unmounted followers. Above: The Old Berkeley huntsman, J. Bennett, and Colonel Alan Dower, who is the joint-Master



Mr. F. Barber talking to Mr. C. M. Barker, who was a foot follower



The Hon. Mrs. J. Bearman, who is a daughter of Viscount Scarsdale



Mr. and Mrs. John Kelly (mounted) and Mr. G. Mackintosh, Hunt Secretary



Miss Janet Gooch and Miss Cloe Aeroft arriving at the meet



Miss Patricia Marks and Miss Ann Rodden, two Pony Club members



Miss Jennifer and Miss Judy Swann were also among the riders

Mr. H. C. Norton, who is chairman of the Old Berkeley Hunt committee, and Miss C. Norton were waiting to move off





RICHARD EGAN plays a runaway gunman with a heart of gold in R.K.O.'s *Tension At Table Rock*. In his flight from the law posse he takes a small boy, played by Billy Chapin (centre), under his wing. Right: A posse riding through the South-west

At the Pictures

TWENTY-MINUTE EPIC



KATHRYN GRANT is a star who is at present under contract to Columbia Pictures. She will soon be seen playing leading rôles in two films: *Reprisal* and *Guns Of Fort Petticoat*

THE gentlemen who decide which films shall be shown to the Queen at the Royal Film Performance do so in the full knowledge that, whatever their choice, they are almost certain to receive a rap over the knuckles from one direction or another. They accept the fact philosophically: "You can't please all of the people all of the time," they say—decently suppressing a desire to add, "And you can't please some of the critics *any* of the time." They will not, then, I feel, be too mortified at the outcry I cannot resist making.

The one film that indisputably deserved a showing at this year's Royal Film Performance is an inspiring, twenty-minute documentary—*Foothold On Antarctica*. The first instalment of one of the truly great adventure stories of this new Elizabethan age, it gives an enthralling account of The Commonwealth Trans-Antarctic Expedition's initial journey south—the voyage of the small m.v. Theron from London to the Weddell Sea, the struggle with the pack-ice, the establishment of a base at Shackleton, where eight members have been left with supplies to last three years—and a picture of the Queen to remind them of home in the long day-and-night darkness of the Antarctic winter.

IT has been most beautifully photographed in colour. Nobody who sees it will forget the great grey cliffs of ice glowering down upon the Theron, the little red seaplane taking off for reconnaissance from a blue stretch of free water ("There are whales on your landing strip!" the pilot is warned as he returns), the blizzard that tears the ship from her moorings and sends the husky pups, born aboard, whimpering for cover; nobody can fail to be impressed by the good-humour and efficiency of all the expedition's members—or to recognize that the enterprise on which they are embarked is a glorious one.

This is a film worthy of a Royal occasion and it should have been publicly shown to the Queen—even if this meant curtailing or sacrificing the traditional parade of grinning, over-prinked film stars. It is, in my opinion at any rate, infinitely more edifying and exciting than a glimpse of Miss Marilyn Monroe's much publicised bosom or Miss Anita Ekberg's broad bare back.

NO matter how you look at *The Battle Of The River Plate*, the film, produced and directed by Messrs. Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger, which was selected for exhibition to Her Majesty, it is somehow Capt. Langsdorff of the German pocket battleship Graf Spee who emerges as the hero. This is not only because he is played with admirable dignity by Mr. Peter Finch, but because at the end, when he has scuttled his ship in Montevideo harbour, he is presented as a man still essentially undefeated though brooding over the twilight of the gods: the fact that he committed suicide is omitted.



The gallantry of our own ships, Ajax, Achilles and particularly Exeter (spiritedly captained by Mr. John Gregson), who drew the Graf Spee's fire and took heavy punishment, is obvious in the splendidly handled battle scenes—but none of our naval officers is as well drawn as the German captain, and Capt. Dove (Mr. Bernard Lee) of the tanker Africa Shell, one of Capt. Langsdorff's victims, is the only really memorable British figure.

The scenes in Montevideo, though highly colourful, are necessarily something of an anticlimax—the battle is over, the ending known—but they contain two neat performances: one from Mr. Lionel Murton as Mr. Mike Fowler, the American radio commentator who was lucky enough to get himself what I believe is known as “a world beat,” and one from Mr. Peter Illing as the shrewd Uruguayan Foreign Minister.

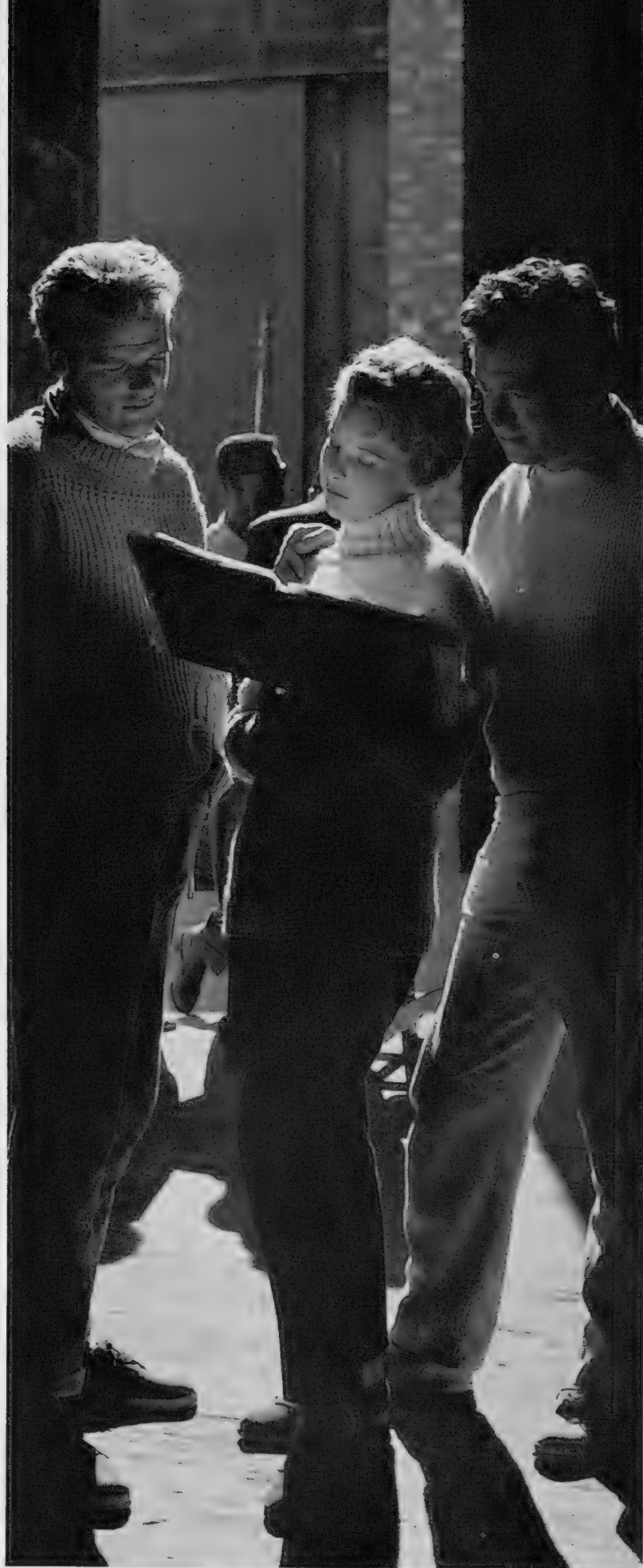
IBUSTLED along to *Unidentified Flying Objects* hoping to learn something about flying saucers. I came away with nothing more than a solemn pronouncement by a U.S. Air Force authority, who has investigated reports of these fascinating phenomena, to the effect that there are “credible observers of relatively incredible things.”

A U.S. general is shown two little strips of colour film, purporting to be shots of flying saucers in motion. What he sees (and you will too, if you stay awake long enough) are several small, round, white objects, like animated moth-balls, bobbing along against a blue background. “How about *that!*” breathes the general, awestruck—and I rally sufficiently from coma to give the good old Indian reply: “How!” Really, nobody should be allowed to take an hour and a half to tell you they don't know what they're talking about.

MISS JOAN CRAWFORD (than whom nobody can suffer with more abandon) suffers agonies in *Autumn Leaves* as a lonely, middle-aged spinster who marries a man much younger than herself—Mr. Cliff Robertson. She doesn't know that he has been previously married to a venomous blonde (Miss Vera Miles) or that he is mentally deranged as a result of discovering that his first wife was having an affair with his odious father (Mr. Lorne Greene)—but when Mr. Robertson, after a prolonged crying jag, throws a typewriter at her, she realizes something is wrong.

On the advice of a psychiatrist, Miss Crawford commits her husband to a mental home for treatment. She is warned that, to Mr. Robertson, she has been simply a “neurotic need” and that if he is cured he may no longer want her. Miss Crawford, crying “I don't want to be a neurotic need!” suffers some more. I suffer too—for I am devoted to Miss Crawford and cannot bear to see her throwing herself away on such indifferent material.

—Elsbeth Grant



George Courtney Wood

STUDYING THE SCRIPT on the stage at Pine-wood Studios are Keith Michell, June Thorburn and John Gregson. This photograph was taken during a rehearsal of a scene from *True As A Turtle*, coming Rank film in which these three actors are starring. This film tells of yachts and yachting, romance, mishaps and high comedy in the Channel and on the French coast

Book Reviews

LORD GORELL'S OWN STORY



DOROTHY TUTIN, as she appeared as Hedvig in "The Wild Duck," is portrayed in a bronze by Dora Gordine, wife of the Hon. Richard Hare, who is exhibiting it now



THREE PINTAILS in flight, from a watercolour by Peter Scott, reproduced on Christmas cards which can be obtained from the Wildfowl Trust, Slimbridge, Glos (1s. 6d. each)



A BOXER and a miniature poodle; one of the enchanting pictures from "The Silent Traveller In Paris," by Chiang Yee (Methuen, 30s.)

LORD GORELL's well-named autobiography, **One Man . . . Many Parts** (Odhams, 25s.), is a record of amazingly various activity: one is struck by the number of diverse things the author has been, done, promoted or taken part in—one might imagine, even, that Lord Gorell himself is surprised, now that he makes the count. He is tired, he tells us, of being labelled "versatile": more, he feels, it has been a matter of putting all and any gifts he was blessed with to proper use. It is also clear (though *he* does not say so) that at no juncture has he ever ignored any claim on his sympathies, capacities or energies.

Discontent was not, in this case, the spur to action. Lord Gorell's late-Victorian childhood was secure and enjoyable; nor has he complaints to make about his youth. He was the second son of the eminent first Lord Gorell: President of the Probate, Divorce and Admiralty Division of the High Court of Justice. On the thirty-three ideal years of his marriage the author does not care to more than touch: he makes us aware, however, that great happiness can enter and mould the being, no less than pain does. No—here is a man who has no quarrel with life, and a career unwarped by careerism. Seeing much to be done, Lord Gorell has felt willing to do it—cannot a thing be just as simple as that?

The career includes what might seem to be incompatibles. Cricket and poetry sometimes have gone together; but, surely, rarely a man leaves an equal mark on aviation and education? His was the first 1914 war poem to be printed in *The Times*; as journalist, he also was "on" *The Times* during the galvanic régime of Lord Northcliffe.

FOR a bad time at the beginning of World War One, a sight disability kept him out of the Army: however, this was cunningly got round—1916 saw him in France, in the thick of action (which does not render him *blasé* as to his World War Two command of the Burpham Home Guard). Upon a severe wound followed experience of "red tabs and tape": he was to bring into being the Army Education Corps. His brother Henry's death on a French battlefield made it devolve upon him to be third Lord Gorell and, as such, take his place in the House of Lords. Nineteen twenty-one saw him Under-Secretary of State for Air; in the same year he published his *Education And The Army*.

Politics out-and-out were to be superseded by increasing time given to public service. Lord Gorell came to be marked down as a born chairman: thereafter, commissions and committees competed for his attention, and overlapped—impressive, all but comic, is the assortment. During his chairmanship of the Society of Authors, the *Vowles v. Wells* imbroglio occurred—"H. G.," infuriated, was vitriolic.

One Man . . . Many Parts is its author's forty-eighth book. He is a painter also. It may be imagined what a number of personalities, of all kinds, in all fields, have crossed Lord Gorell's path: his discussion of them is flavourous, without malice. Far, far more goes to this autobiography than I can summarize—even so, Lord Gorell tells us, he does not tell all. Humour, sincerity and, above all, modesty make this very attractive reading.

★ ★ ★

MAX MURRAY's **Breakfast With A Corpse** (Michael Joseph, 12s. 6d.) is a far less macabre tale than its title suggests. Scene, the Côte d'Azur in perfect weather; mystery, interest, search for the vanished mother of Simon, a very attractive small boy. Peter Stowe, come South on holiday from Paris, and Peter's irrepressible Uncle Henry, honoured Edwardian resident in Nice, take part with gusto. Night club life offers clues; a cryptic luxury villa is invaded.

So good, in true Max Murray form, is the going that one is the sadder for sad news. One more detective story, and one "straight" novel—which it had, we learn, been his lifelong wish to write—were finished before his death, and are to appear.

—Elizabeth Bowen



A great American playwright and original thinker

MR. ARTHUR MILLER'S "A View From The Bridge" at the Comedy Theatre has been acclaimed as a more than worthy successor to his powerful Pulitzer Prize play, "Death Of A Salesman." This new work, which has been put on by the New Watergate Theatre Club, owing to the Lord Chamberlain's somewhat enigmatic veto, is both brutal and, like Mr. Miller's other plays previously seen over here, intensely compassionate. The action takes place on the New York waterfront and Anthony Quayle, Mary Ure and Megs Jenkins lead a cast who all give exceptionally fine performances

Cecil Beaton



Fashions by
Isobel
Vicomtesse d'Orthez

DAYDREAM REALIZED

MINK is every woman's dream. Exquisitely soft, yet hard-wearing, it has long been the favourite among furs. From Deanfield Furs (right) comes a full-length coat with side-vents in Emba sapphire mink. This expertly worked coat has a softly rolled collar which is one wide complete skin. The strands in the coat are worked in a continuous line and are wider than in previous seasons. Opposite is a pale mink cape-stole called Breath of Spring from Maxwell Croft

Photographs by Michel Molinare







Michel Molinare

WHITE ARCTIC fox fur stole (opposite page) from Molho, Brook Street. This fabulous and romantic white fur is photographed before the portrait of an ancient Persian king, a fitting background for a fur with such an exotic note

RUSSIAN ERMINE stole (above) from Maxwell Croft. This frosted, luxurious fur has bow-fronted ends which slot through loops of ranch mink. Both these pictures and those on the following pages were taken in the house of Mr. Ronald Fleming, the interior designer

FURS OF SNOW WHITE LUXURY

DESPITE predictions that the more solid line in millinery would not be acceptable, the new hats are as eagerly sought for as ever. Below, an enchanting feathered busby from Dorothy Carlton in kingfisher blue velvet and blue-black hackle feathers

Adventurous headlines that leap to the eye





From Dolores, a deliciously soft melusine pull-on hat which is shaded to resemble mink

In sage-green velvet and dark mink is this sophisticated yet cosy turban. Two mink tails tie warmly round the neck. Dorothy Carlton



For cocktail time comes this hat in white silk jersey and glittering metallic thread, crossed at the side and trimmed with mink. Gina Davies

The mob-cap style in soft tangerine velvet with matching feathered brim in pale and darker shades of the same colour. Dorothy Carlton



THE two remarkable winter buys shown here come from Windsmoor. One is a fitted coat in petrol blue (opposite page) with a wide, cosy shawl collar and a wide skirt flaring out from the hips, and the other (right) a

BUYING A COAT

straight, collarless swagger coat in deep wine colour. Both are made in warm wool and mohair. The price of the fitted coat is 10½ gns., and the swagger 10 gns. They are stocked by Selfridges and come in various shades. The fluffy white angora pot-hat and the buff-coloured cossack hat (below) are Kangol Softies, and will be in the shops before Christmas



John Irench



CHOICE FOR
THE WEEK



Draped loveliness for winter nights

NOTHING is more becoming to a woman than a beautiful stole draped across the shoulders of an evening dress. Those shewn here are lovely and varied and are accompanied by some highly attractive accessories

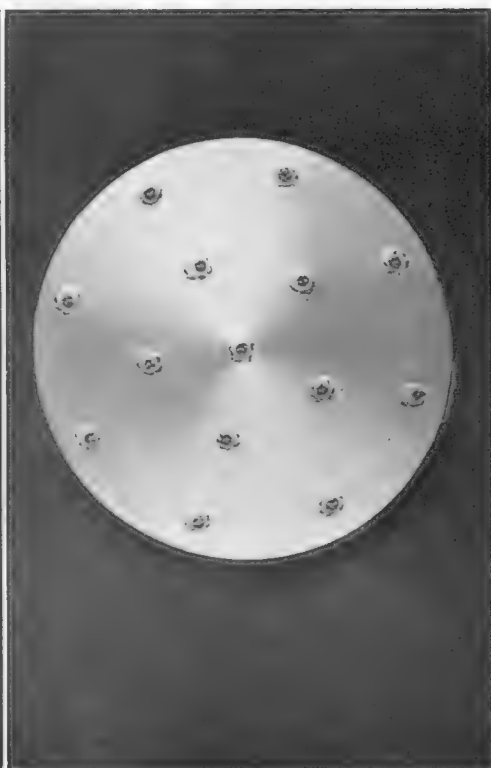
—JEAN CLELAND

Viyella stole, made in several printed designs backed on the reverse side with plain shades. Black or white fringe. £1 19s. 6d. at leading stores

These unusual knitted gloves, made in Switzerland, are designed by Frey-Gaetzi. Prices from 15s. 11d. Dickins and Jones

Emrich compact with pearl and diamante clasp, £4 9s. 6d.; small pill box with jewel motif, £1 8s. 6d. from Woollands

A practical round compact, decorated with coloured stones, which would make a perfect birthday or Christmas present. £2 3s. 9d. at Woollands

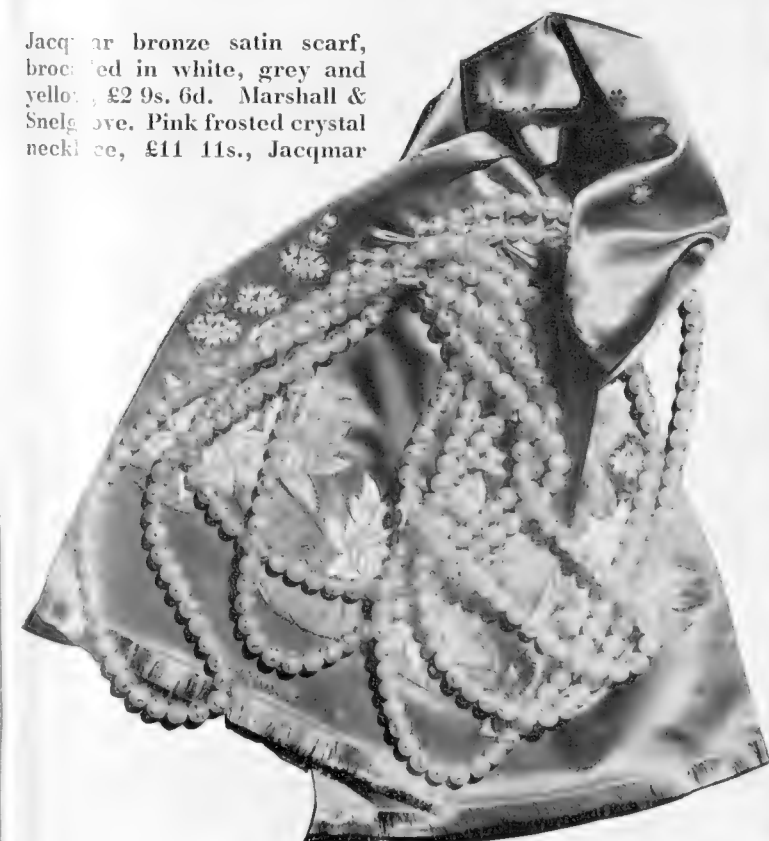




Handwoven cape from Italy with copper and gold fringe. In white, pale blue and pale pink. From Woollands, £7 10s.

Below: Black serpent bag with decorated frame from Spain, £14 3s. 6d. Jersey wool stole as illustrated £5 5s. Both from Woollands

Jacquar bronze satin scarf, brocaded in white, grey and yellow, £2 9s. 6d. Marshall & Snelgrove. Pink frosted crystal necklace, £11 11s., Jacquar





Beauty

Graceful slimming



THE PICAS, described in the accompanying article, is here seen in operation. Top, an exercise for slimming the hips and counteracting "middle age spread." This is also excellent for inducing balance. Above, the Picas aids breathing, giving also beneficial assistance to the spine, while an effective method of strengthening and toning the stomach muscles is shown on the left

"As we grow older," said a well-known West End osteopath, who because he is a qualified doctor does not wish his name mentioned, "we all begin to take the downward path!" He was referring not, as you might think, to a slackening of principles, but of muscles. A very different thing.

We of the press were gathered together to meet Señor Alcover who, one-time adviser on physical culture to the Spanish Army, has invented a simple but unique exercising device called Picas. Excellent for reducing weight, and for helping people to do various kinds of remedial exercises, this provides still another way of limbering up before going off to the winter sports, a subject about which I wrote last week. Lilly-whites tell me they are stocking it for this purpose, and so it seems as if this is the right moment to bring it to your notice.

Picas consists of two long steel tubes resembling ski sticks, mounted on to a triangular wooden block, and its inventor, in consultation with doctors in Paris and Madrid, has worked out a number of slimming and remedial exercises embodying its use. Some of these are specially designed to counteract the results of bad posture caused by slouching in easy chairs and in cars, and the sedentary habits of modern life.

WHILE I watched his demonstration, done with skill and perfect precision, one thing worried me. Señor Alcover is a strong muscular man. Would what seemed simple to him prove difficult for anyone of frailer build. In other words, could the average woman use the Picas successfully? I asked this question, and was assured that she could. "Moreover," said the señor, "we will prove it."

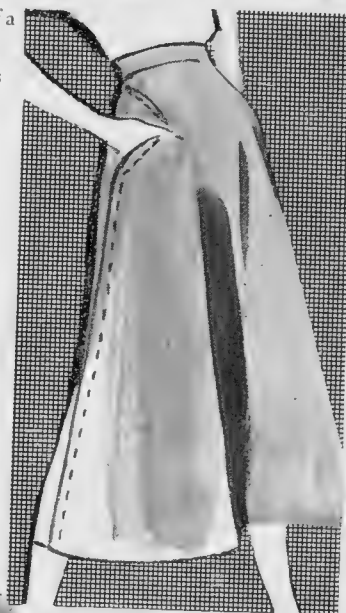
Prove it he did. A week later I went along again, this time to meet that enchanting young actress Mary Reynolds, who is appearing in *La Plume De Ma Tante* at the Garrick Theatre. For my benefit she kindly consented to "work" the Picas. She did a variety of movements with such grace and ease that I could have watched her indefinitely. Some of them were photographed there and then, specially for The TATLER, and here they are on this page for you to see.

As with all exercises, those done with the Picas should be started gradually. If you feel that to swing *all* the way forward, or *all* the way to the side, seems difficult at first, then go just *part* of the way to start with. As you continue day by day, your muscles will get stronger, and the exercises will become easier to do. With patience and regularity, you should be able to achieve results that will benefit your health and your appearance.

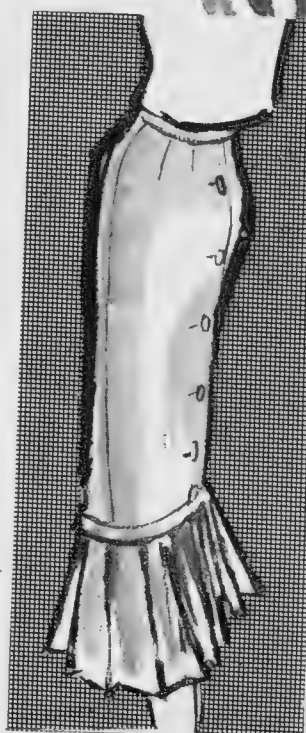
—Jean Cleland

JAEGER

STITCHING points up the pocket seams of a beautifully simple skirt. Grey flannel or hopsack in heavenly colours. 5 GUINEAS



TARTAN SKIRT AND BELTED STOLE the latter cut to cover your back, with long ends to wrap as you like. The two—10 GUINEAS



KNEE PLEATS give a new look and nice movement to this back-buttoned grey flannel skirt. 5 GUINEAS



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Miss Angela Ross, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Ross, of Avenue Road, St. John's Wood, London, N.W.8, is engaged to marry Mr. Michael Morrison, son of Mr. Jack Morrison, J.P., of Barry House, W.2

Baron

THEY ARE ENGAGED



Lenare

The Hon. Pamela Weeks, elder daughter of Lt.-Gen. Lord Weeks and Lady Weeks, of Lowndes Square, London, S.W.1, is engaged to Lt. Henry Walter Plunkett-Erle-Drax, R.N., only son of Admiral the Hon. Sir Reginald and Lady Plunkett-Erle-Drax, of Charborough Park, Wareham, Dorset



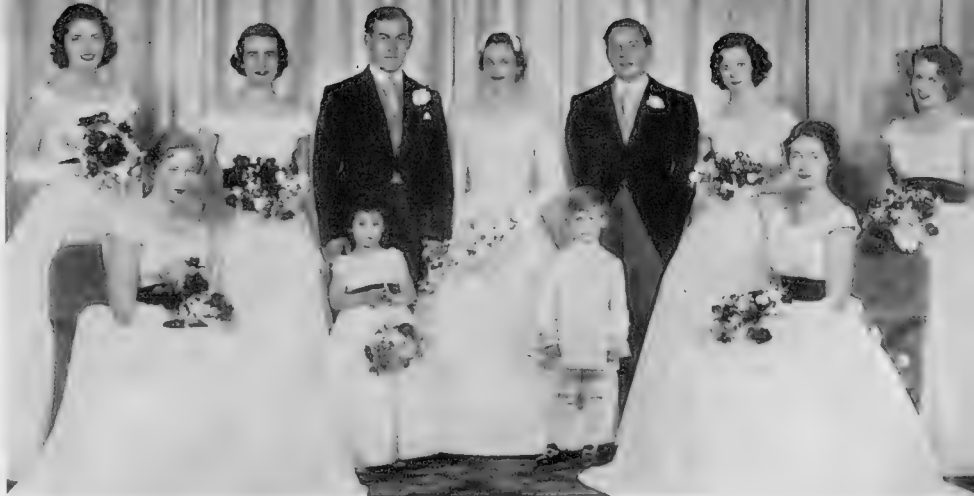
Fäver

Miss Elizabeth Incedon-Webber, second daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. S. Incedon-Webber, of St. Brannocks, Braunton, North Devon, and Princes Gate Court, S.W.7, is engaged to Capt. David Dodge, Grenadier Guards, elder son of Col. J. Dodge, D.S.O., D.S.C., M.C., and Mrs. Dodge, of Chester Row, S.W.1



Vandyk

Miss Alice Shackel, elder daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Shackel of Erleigh, Mayfield, Sussex, is engaged to marry Capt. Ronald Maitland Crosthwaite, Royal Artillery, son of Sir Bertram and Lady Crosthwaite, of Hill Lodge, Eastbourne



Weatherall—Russell. Mr. William Weatherall, younger son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Nigel Weatherall, of Sandford House, Richmond, Yorkshire, married Miss Sally Russell, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Denis Russell, of Burdenshot House, Burdenshot Hill, Guildford, Surrey, at St. James's, Spanish Place

THEY WERE MARRIED



Greenwell—Robertson. Capt. Peter Miles de Wend Greenwell, The Durham Light Infantry, son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. P. S. Greenwell, of Greenacre, Alton, Hants, married Miss Jean Margaret Robertson, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Robertson, of Llantysilio Hall, Llangollen, Denbighshire, at St. Collen's, Llangollen



Everington—Andreae. Mr. Edward Herbert Everington, elder son of the late Dr. F. D. Everington, and of Mrs. Everington, of Cumnor, Sanderstead, Surrey, married Miss Elizabeth Helen (Buffy) Andreae, fourth daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward P. Andreae, of Tandridge Court, Oxted, Surrey, at the Church of St. Peters, Tandridge



William Tribe

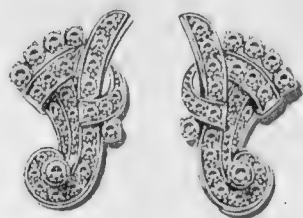
Palmer—Skinner. Mr. John Edward Somerset Palmer, elder son of Sir John Palmer, Bt., and Lady Palmer, of Newland, Gloucestershire, married Miss Dione Catharine Skinner, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Skinner, of Llanishen Court, Usk, Mon., at St. Cadoc's, Raglan



Nagle—Almond. Dr. Robert Emerson Nagle, son of Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Nagle, of Kimbolton House, Mount Beacon, Bath, was married to Miss Eleanor Susan Almond, daughter of Sir James and Lady Almond, of Chester Lodge, Baslow Road, Eastbourne, at St. Peter's Church, Vere Street, London, W.1

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To give pleasure not only on Christmas Day but for many a day to come, choose a gift of Mappin quality. In our well-known ranges of Jewellery, Gold, Watches, Clocks, Sterling Silver and Fine Leather, there is ample scope for munificence; but you will also find many suggestions for gifts no less notable in quality but encouragingly modest in price—particularly in our displays of Mappin Plate and Fancy goods. If you cannot visit us, we will gladly send a full range of Gifts Brochures and particulars of our Gifts Voucher scheme.



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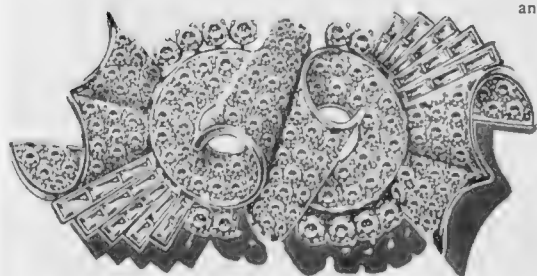
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Diamonds
and Sapphires £295



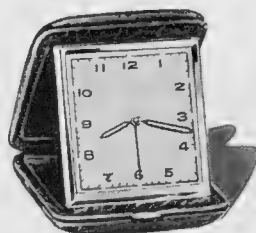
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9 ct. gold £18 . 18 . 0;
Chrome and steel
£9 . 15 . 0



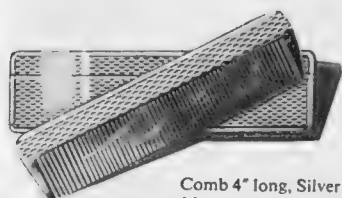
9 ct. gold on
9 ct. gold flexible
Bracelet
£40 . 0 . 0



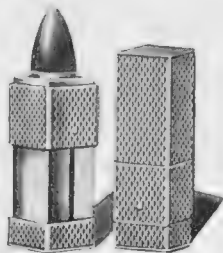
8 day Alarm with luminous dial,
4 x 3 1/4". In various leather cases
from £9 . 15 . 0



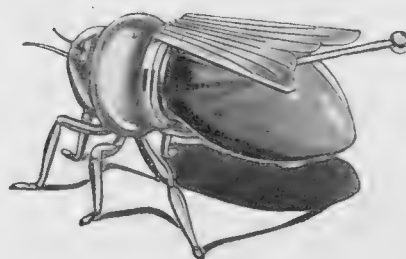
9 ct. gold £29 . 15 . 0
Steel £17 . 17 . 0



Comb 4" long, Silver
Mount and Sheath
£2 . 10 . 0



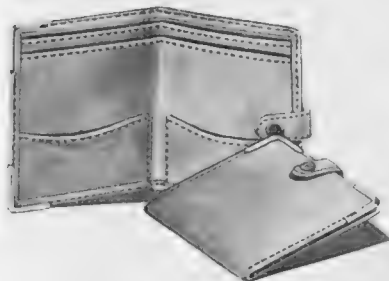
Silver Lipstick Case
£7 . 7 . 0



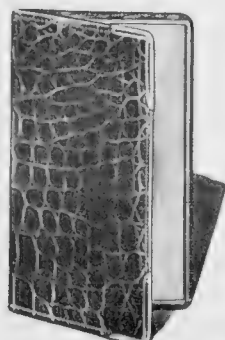
Mappin Plate
Bee Honey Pot with Spoon;
Amber Glass £9 . 5 . 0
Ruby Glass £9 . 9 . 0



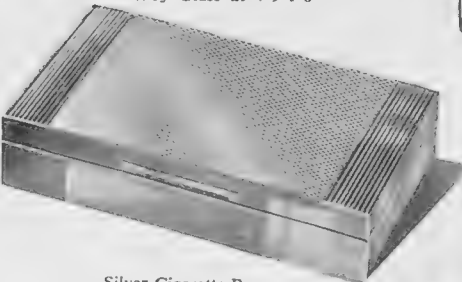
English cut glass
Decanter, silver mount
£11 . 5 . 0



Pigskin Note Case, with gilt
corners £2 . 15 . 0



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pigskin, gilt corners
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Length 4" £10 . 10 . 0; 5 1/2" £14 . 0 . 0
6 1/4" £17 . 15 . 0

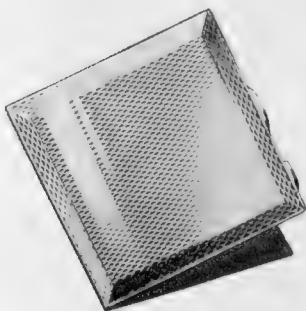


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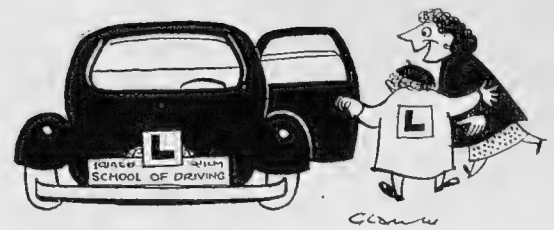
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THE UNICAR, above and right, seats two people with two rear seats for children. The weight has been kept to under 7 cwt. by constructing the body in steel reinforced glass fibre. Sixty m.p.h. is claimed with a fuel consumption of 55 m.p.g.



THE NEW BOND MINICAR, above and left, is the Mark E. Among its improvements are two doors and a large boot. It will average 80 miles to a gallon, possesses a top speed of 50 m.p.h., a cruising speed of forty, and costs £339



Motoring

SALEABLE BABIES

THE competition we have recently been witnessing to produce a very cheap car is healthy. I reported on the Berkeley the other day and now I report on two other low-priced, economical cars, the Fairthorpe and the Unicar. Air Vice-Marshal D. C. T. Bennett is the moving spirit behind the Fairthorpe. It is available in various forms, as a two-seater or coupé and as a lightweight sports car; called respectively the Atom and the Electron. In its lowest priced form, the Atom saloon costs £391 2s. 6d. inclusive of tax which is, I think, the present record. In this form the engine is of 250 c.c. capacity and an exceptionally good fuel consumption is claimed.

The Electron is an altogether different kind of vehicle, with Coventry Climax engine and a relatively high performance. It has a four-speed gearbox, hydraulic brakes and two carburettors. Nevertheless the makers claim a fuel consumption figure between 35 and 45 miles to the gallon. Here the price, at a little over £1,000 inclusive of tax, brings the car into the normal range. There is also an Atom wagonette which is available at an even lower price than the saloon.

S. E. Opperman, Ltd., are the producers of the other low-priced car that has lately been in the news, the Unicar. Here the price is £399 10s. inclusive of tax. The engine is the British Anzani, air-cooled, twin-cylinder two-stroke of 322 c.c. capacity. Laurence Bond is again the man responsible (as in the Berkeley) for the basic design.

Some may remember the days when the object of many manufacturers was to offer at the Motor Show (then at Olympia) the "£100 car" and I suppose that the parallel value today would be the £400 car. If that ratio of values be accepted, we must agree that the manufacturers have succeeded. The £400 car is here.

Performance figures for the Unicar are said by the makers to include a top speed of 60 miles an hour and a fuel consumption of 55 miles a gallon. The overall length of the Unicar is 9 ft. 6 in.

A LETTER in *The Times* recently, from one speaking with authority, drew attention to the way in which highway authorities throughout the country are busily making the roads more dangerous. They are doing so by laying great lengths of high, steep-sided kerbstones. All who study road safety know that these kerbs are a cause of serious accidents. They prevent an emergency escape from the carriageway and, by confining vehicles within an arbitrary dimension, are responsible for some of the most disastrous head-on collisions.

Kerbstones with high, vertical sides are desirable only in certain parts. In cities, for instance, they may help to protect pedestrians and are generally desirable. But in the open country, and in many marginal areas, they are wholly undesirable. Nor is it axiomatic that they are a protection to pedestrians.

I arrived last week at the scene of a head-on collision shortly after it had happened and was able to retrace the course of events. Squashed between two high, vertical-sided kerbs a small car and a large lorry had met head on. The small car had been pushed over the high kerb, being crushed in the process, and had gone sideways along the footpath for ten or twenty yards. By good fortune (according to an informant) there had been no pedestrians in the way. I cite the case to show that the vertical kerb can initiate bad accidents, without giving protection to pedestrians.

—*Oliver Stewart*



An actual photograph

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FRED HOCKEY, who has been bartending for sixteen years, is Chief Bartender of the Wellington Club, Knightsbridge, where he is seen in the very attractive bar in the ground floor lounge of the club

DINING OUT

Wines under test

THERE is a certain sameness about many of the innumerable wine tastings to which one goes in the course of a year, but now and again one crops up which is outstanding both in its interest and arrangement, such as the Lebègue affair, and this certainly applied to a two-day tasting I recently attended given by Evans, Marshall & Co.

This was to meet the principal of Château Pichon-Longueville Comtesse de Lalande; and of Château Siran, Labarde-Margaux; and Champagne de St. Marceaux, in the person of the owner of all three properties, M. Edouard Mialhe, who was present with his son, Alain Burke Mialhe. Alain's mother is a lady from Ireland. The other guest of honour was M. Hervé de Jarnac, principal of the well-known firm of Louis de Salignac & Co. of Cognac.

The persons present were restricted to between thirty and forty so there was plenty of room for one to mingle with such experts as Raymond Pongratte, André Simon, George Rainbird, T. A. Layton, Michel de Fleurbaey, who is one of the principals of the House of Geisweiler, the eminent George Gulley, Sir Sholto Douglas, Lord Grenfell and Alan Sichel, the general consensus of their opinion being that the '39 Pichon had reached its peak and was a remarkable wine; the '55 straight off the cask, excellent for the year and showing great promise; and the '48s of a quality that nobody expected. The 1928 Château Siran was voted outstanding and the '53, being exceptionally light, was almost ready for drinking.

ON the invitation it said that a fork lunch would be provided and I visualized the discomfort of standing up, balancing a plate in one hand and poking at it with a fork in the other, but this was different. While we were having apéritifs, which were a choice between a Dry Fino or a Dry Sercial, the cellar was cleared by a very energetic "Corps de Cuisine," supplied by Lindsay Ring of Ring & Brymer. Here we sat down in comfort to some very succulent smoked trout with Champagne de St. Marceaux '49 (the only champagne bearing the name of a saint), followed by a young grouse with an interesting salad, the dressing consisting of oil, lemon juice and walnuts; with this was served Pichon-Longueville, Lalande, vintage '34. With the coffee, Salignac V.S.O.P. twenty-five years old.

The proceedings were opened by the chairman, R. D. T. Stoneham, C.B.E., a past chairman of the Common Council of the City of London, supported by the managing director, John Baker, and Noel Cossart, another director, whose family has been shipping Madeira since 1745. He has the distinction of owning the Deserta Islands off Madeira, which are not as deserted as one might think, being inhabited by over 9,000 goats, which I imagine makes him the largest goat-owner in the world.

The earlier mention of T. A. Layton reminds me that not only has he his own wine lodge in Manchester Square, but is President of the Circle of Wine Tasters. For their pleasure he organizes some very original parties, such as a roast sucking-pig party at his home in Sussex, where after tasting six different clarets you could eat the pig with roast ham and roast potatoes, accompanied by mulled burgundy. The whole of this wonderful evening cost only £2 5s.

This looks to me like a Circle where you get a very square deal.

—I. Bickerstaff

The Perfect Accompaniment

to
any main course



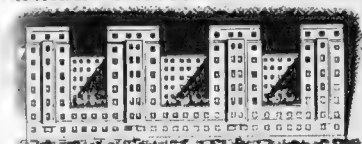
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DINING IN

Central heater

COLD weather makes one think more and more of warming dishes, and the first on the list are, of course, soups. I have always wanted to give a recipe for Petite Marmite but have been daunted by the amount of material which goes into it, together with the long preparation. I have, therefore, come to make one of my own, which is so good, however, that folk have been known to think it was the "real thing." Here it is:

Start with a pound of leg beef, cut into strips, and about six-pennyworth of veal bones, preferably from the boned breast. If you happen to have the carcass of a chicken or turkey, by all means add it, but it is not essential. Buy also a pound of chicken giblets. Pick out the livers and put them aside for a *pâté*, risotto or a chicken liver omelette.

But back to my soup. Place the beef, veal bones, giblets and, if used, chicken carcass in a large pot. (I use my very large orange-enamelled casserole.) Add 2 quarts of cold water, 2 cut-up large carrots, an onion with a clove stuck in it and 2 teaspoons of coarse salt. Start the cooking at a low heat on top of the stove. When the liquid is fairly warm but not near boiling point, transfer the soup to the oven and cook, covered, for at least 4 hours at 300 deg. F. or gas mark 1, so that there is no need to skim it.

LEAVE the soup to settle, then gently pour the stock through a fine strainer to another pot. After skimming off any fat, add, to your own liking, a julienne of small carrots, a small white turnip and a little celery, and 2 small well-cleaned leeks, cut into rounds. Taste and season. Cook, covered, for a further hour. Cut some thin slices of the gizzards and, for each serving, two small squares of the meat. Add them, heat through and serve with Melba toast made with ready-sliced bread quickly toasted on both sides. With a thin sharp knife, cut through the toast to make two full-sized slices, one side toasted and the other side "raw." Lightly crisp them in the oven or under the grill; the toast will curl in a most professional manner.

With the remaining giblets and beef, make a cottage pie. Cut a rasher of fairly fat streaky bacon into strips and fry them a little. Add a chopped onion and a chopped clove of garlic, cover and cook gently for a few minutes. Add a teaspoon of plain flour and a pinch of paprika, and cook them too. Stir in a small cup of the stock and simmer, while stirring, to cook and thicken the sauce. Now add a teaspoon of chopped parsley, a pinch of powdered thyme, a pinch of grated nutmeg and, finally, the chopped meats. Get the mixture nice and hot, then turn it into a dish and top with sieved freshly boiled potatoes moistened with a little hot milk and a walnut or two of butter, all whipped together. Slip under the grill to brown.

—Helen Burke





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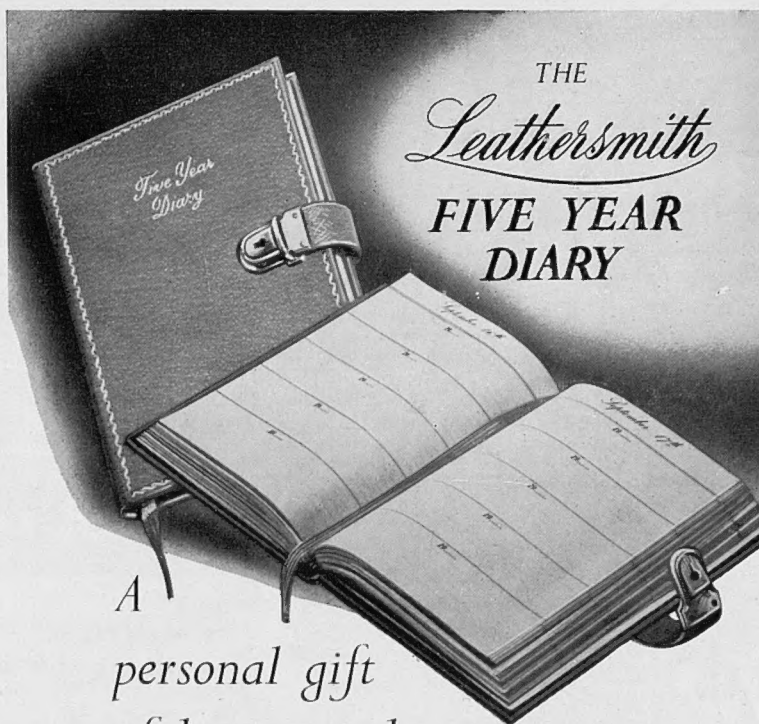
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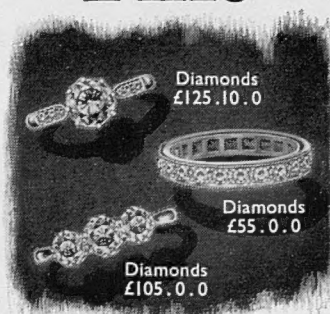
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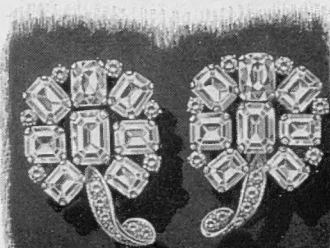


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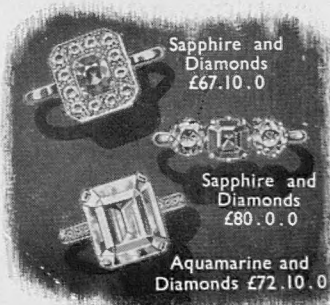
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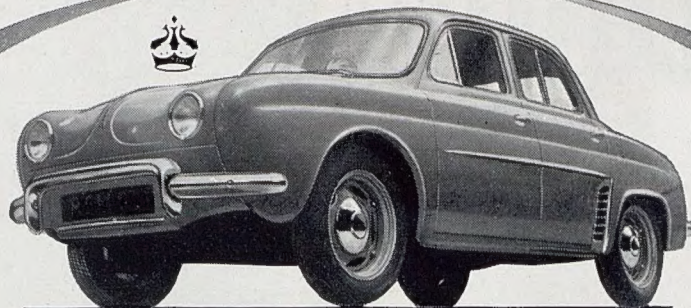


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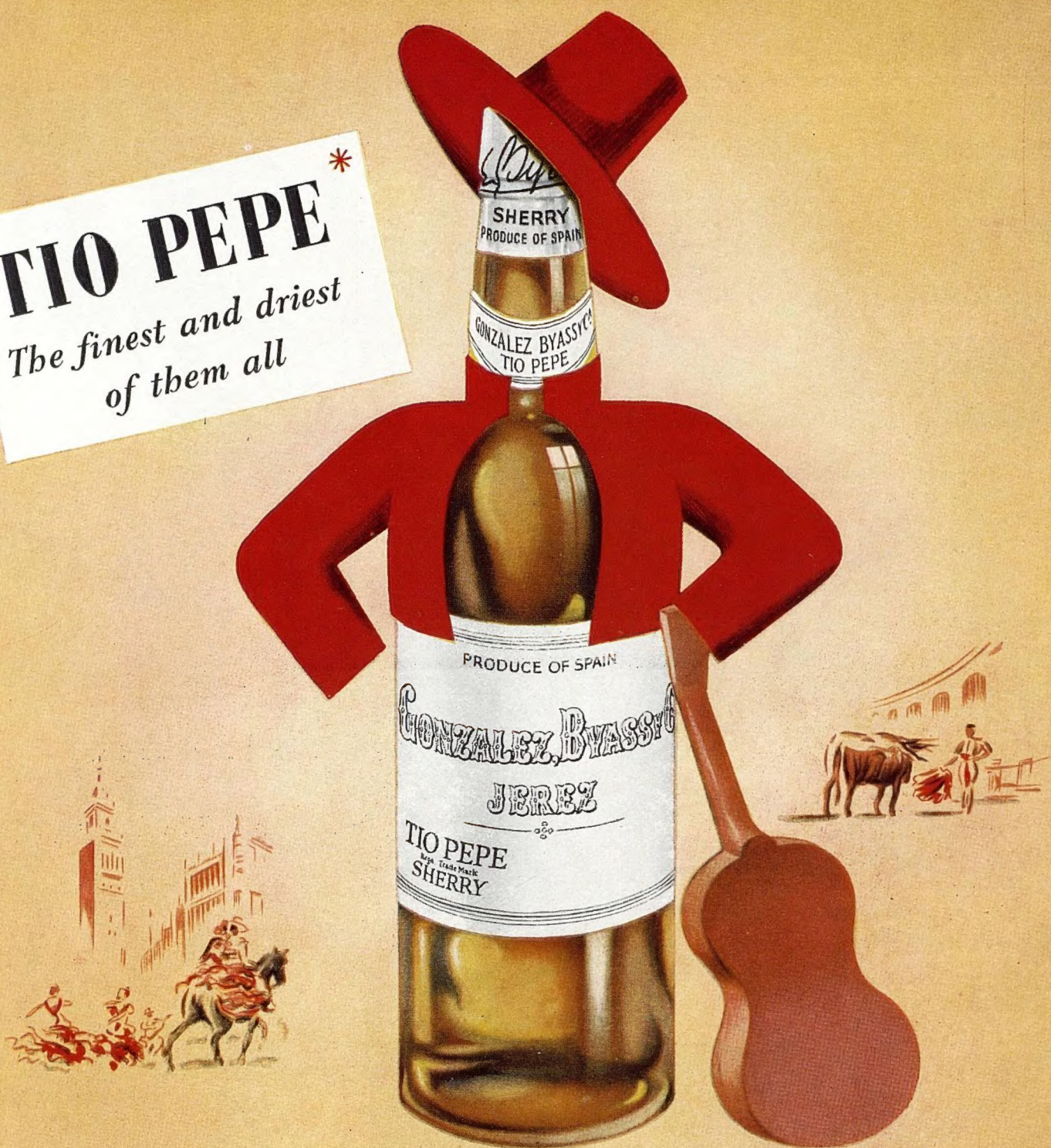
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